SECRET

MAGAZINE

Issue N°19

Bed, breakfast and Bondage

The first Lash across the buttocks

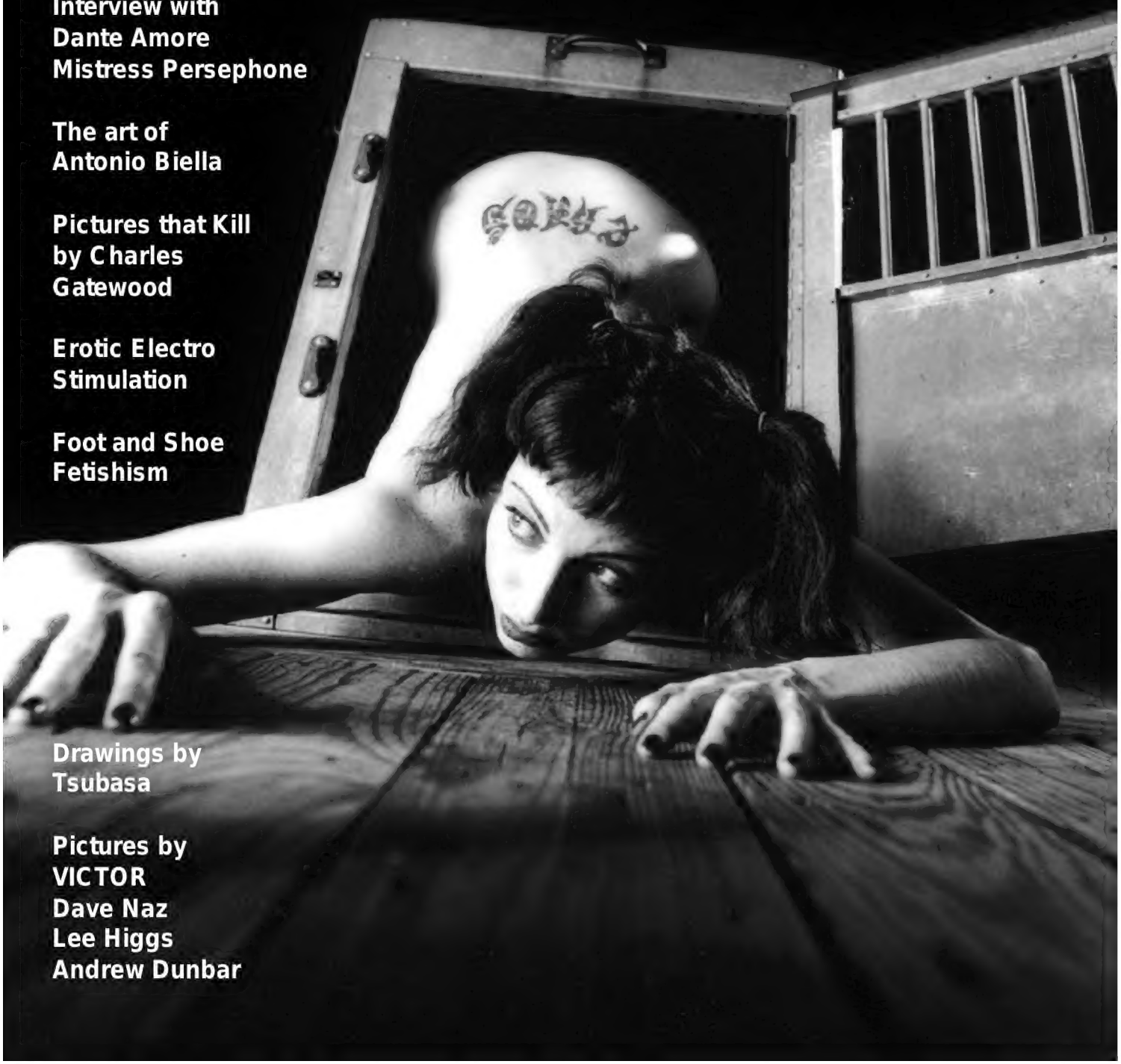
Interview with Dante Amore Mistress Persephone

The art of Antonio Biella

Pictures that Kill by Charles Gatewood

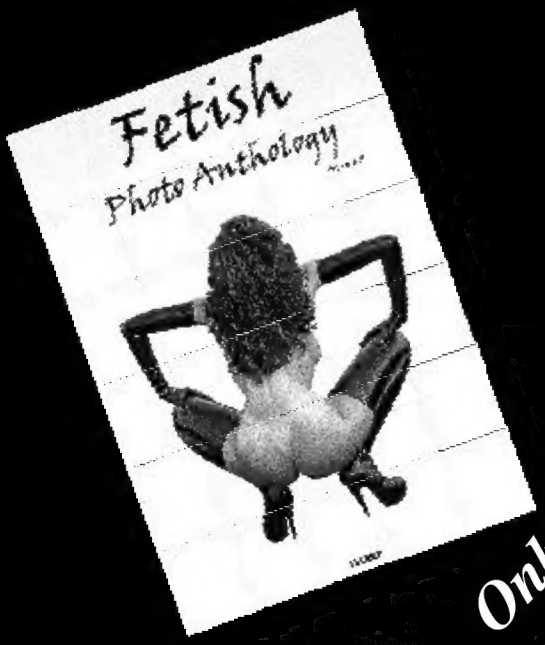
Erotic Electro Stimulation

Foot and Shoe Fetishism



Drawings by Tsubasa

Pictures by VICTOR Dave Naz Lee Higgs Andrew Dunbar



Only a few copies left !!!!!!

The one and only!! Fetish Photo Anthology volume 3

Secret editions are proud to announce the long-awaited book with the world's best Fetish photographers. This third volume is the best ever with over 320 pages, perfect casebound hardback in striking black and white photography. There is also a limited edition.

What is the Fetish Photo Anthology? It's the one and only bible of Fetish Photography. In it you will find not only the best Fetish photographers now working and producing some of the best works ever seen, but also all the names, addresses, telephone numbers, emails of the photographers themselves. Also, art gallery's, editors of Fetish books, publishers and a complete list of the latest books.

Due to the fact that other publishers have decided to produce Fetish books and anthologies like ours, we have been forced to print only 2000 copies. You can order it at your regular **SECRET** salespoint or directly from**SECRET**. To do this, send us your full name, address with your creditcard or payment (no cheques please) to this address:

SECRET Magazine
P.O.Box 1400
1000 Brussels 1
Belgium

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- by fax: +32.2.223.10.09
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Prices: Europe: 2000BF/100DM/£35
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Limited edition: colour cover, silverprint, 100 handnumbered and signed.
Price: 4000 BF/200 DM/£65/100 US$
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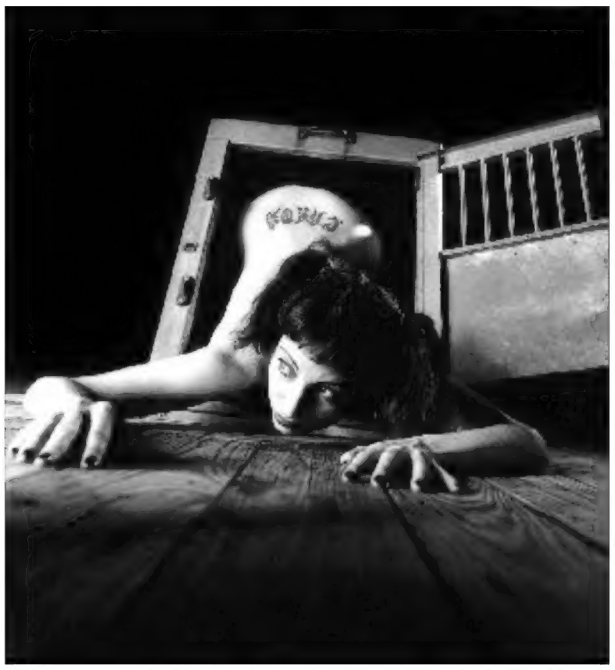

Cover by VIKTOR

In memory to all the people who died on the 11th September 2001

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All letters, subscriptions, advertising and information:

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All pictures, scripts can be returned if so asked for. We actually need contributions for our next issues. All photographers need to send prints or CD-rom with *.tif / Jpeg/ eps,...files on PC compatible disks.

Overseas dealers: Centurian (USA): 1.775.322.9238 - Last Gasp (USA): 1.415.824.6636 - ZBF (Germany) 49.611.22071 - Select Int. (Holland) 00.31.299.351657 - Kaysers (Australia) 61.2.9517.9299 - Wiwa (Germany): 49.221.253115

Editorial

11th September 2001. A date I will never forget, like hundreds of millions of people. Tears in my eyes, disbelief. A turning point in humanity has been set by the action of terrorists. The world will never be the same and the healing process will take ages, centuries. The scar is deep, the hate is enormous and revenge will be sweet and bitter at the same time.

I feel my heart pounding, silently in the night, I listen to the rhythm of it. I can see my blood running through my veins, sending its energy to every part of my body. I imagine my brain, working, seeking and travelling on its own; trying to find out where to go... What will tomorrow bring me? What has life in store for me? Are we in control of our actions or are we just a part of colossal energy plasma that floats in this part of the galaxy? All questions I cannot answer. The future is unpredictable and cruel.

Let us try to have a least some laughter, joy and love while we share this little time on this little planet. Is it so hard to do this? Sometimes the colour of the leaves in autumn, fresh snow, laughter of a baby, so many things, bring us joy – fill our soul with happiness. The world out there is dark, dangerous.

I like the dark, black and white and glittering steel. I smell fear and my adrenaline shoots through my veins and gives me a kick. I feel invincible and yet I know I'm vulnerable. I seek strange feelings and adventure where I hope that I will live a second I will never forget in my entire life. I try to fill my brain with memories, but growing older I know I will never be able to retain all these feelings, emotions and memories. Time travels at the speed of light and our life is just a nanosecond in space.

You might find this editorial strange, but then again, I've been told to be strange, gregarious and cruel. I haven't changed. I'm in the middle of a complete revolution of life, knowing that from now on I will be on the edge of time. I want to do so many things, achieve so many and yet, I know it's impossible. But I try.

I'm shocked. The whole world is shocked, except maybe for a few cruel, crazy individuals. It could happen to you, you know?

This issue has been born in a period of my life where we have decided that we wanted another child – due at the end of October - a boy. I will have to raise my four children in this cruel and dark world and try to teach them how to survive. Try to show them the joys of life, without causing pain....

You and you alone are in control of your life. It's up to you think and make decisions that will influence not only you, but also your surroundings and your loved ones. If you do not feel comfortable in the skin you have on your back you can change this. Everybody can, if one takes time and energy. I know I wrote once: "I'm a slave of my own creation, and I love it". This is still true, but I could, in a split second, end it - stop editing Secret Magazine and my pain would be over. But I don't and you, my readers, know why.

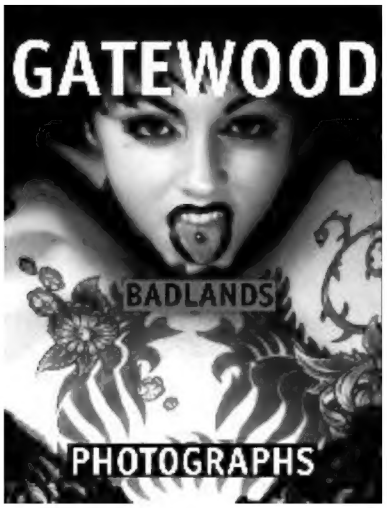
Enjoy your life, share your love and we'll see each other in some very near future. I hope....

Jürgen Boedt

The publisher is exempt from the record-keeping requirements and disclosure statements mandated by 18 U.S. Code § 2257 (a) through (c) and the pertinent regulations, 28 CFR CH.1, part 75 since all of such material falls within the definition of exempted material set forth in § 75.7 (a) (1-3) of the pertinent Regulations. Nonetheless, records required by such Act and pertinent Regulations with respect to this publication and all materials associated with such records are maintained by Jürgen Boedt, publisher, at the office of the Publisher; Galerie du Centre, Bloc 2, office 201, 1000 Brussels, Belgium, and is available for inspection and review by the Attorney General at all reasable times. All models are over 21 of age. (of course...)

News & INFO

by Jürgen Boedt



Badlands

Published by Goliath, pictures by Charles Gatewood.

Sometimes I get these "in your face" books and pictures. You see, after all this time, I'm still into the liberation of expression and I have a lot of admiration for those who were doing it before me. Hell, Gatewood was shooting pictures before I was born! This book, **BADLANDS**, is an amazing "diary" of Gatewood's life story. In it, you will find explicit, shocking, breathtaking pictures. It is hard to believe that only one man shot all these pictures, lived all of this, and yet, he did so. If you are only a bit interested in what has been going on in this world, you need to buy this book. Get it from:

Goliath Verlag, Eschersheimer Landstr. 353, 60320 Frankfurt - Main, Germany or email: goliath-verlag@gmx.de

More in this issue - Pictures that Kill!

BDSM summer camps

SISC are organizing special BDSM summer camps. They are run by a staff (camp manager, cook, barmen/women and leathersmith) who take care of everything, and the leathersmith will help you make your own high quality leathergear! The standard is like a youth hostel situated in a rebuilt farm in Jutland, Denmark. They can accommodate around 50 people. For all information write to: SISC, P.O.Box 500, 8500 Grenaa, Denmark. www.sado.dk

Don't fuck this tree!

I received this picture from Mr. Gallaher (see more in this issue) and I thought it was a painful affair if somebody was to try to screw with it. Slave! Get up there and fuck that hole! I order you...grin!

Megatrash 2

This event will probably be finished by the time you read this magazine, but I wanted to mention it anyway. From the 29th August till the 2nd September, Amsterdam will live its first Fetish Fantasy Weekend. Shoe shine boys, gogo fuckers and leathermen will make Amsterdam shiver! The entire Gay scene will gather and live its most fantastic night. Want to know more? www.clubtrash.com

Club Trash, P.O.Box 76613, 1070 HE Amsterdam, Holland

Fetish Diva Midori

This elegant and creative Dominatrix is one of the best in San Francisco. She can be compassionate but firm for nervous novices, but also has the skills of an expert in Japanese rope bondage. www.FetishDiva.com

Fetish Photo Anthology vol.4

In 1996 I decided to print a collective work of all the photographers who had worked with SECRET, and some others for whom I had a lot of admiration. I called the book "FETISH PHOTO ANTHOLOGY". The response from the public, editors and art galleries was enormous. The photographers praised me for this great idea and they got more work and expositions than never before. Christophe Mourthé called it a "stroke of genius" and wondered when it would be copied. It wasn't until I was working on volume 2 and asked TASHEN to publish it for me that a big publisher started to become interested. Soon, other publishers jumped on the bandwagon and started publishing fetish books. This was great, because now we finally had some great fetish books on sale in normal bookstores. It wasn't until Carlton Books and Tony Mitchell decided to steal the concept, rape my idea, and started contacting the photographers that I started wondering. Why? The answer was obvious - money. The effects of this plain rape of my books were immediate. This was hard competition and as I was running everything by myself I was a sitting duck. "Bang - you're dead"... Steve Diet Goedde told me this: "I wouldn't see it as competition. Their book (Fetish) is just a standard art publication while yours is both an art anthology and a reference guide. Their book will never have contact information or anything other than the photographs. People

in the scene will be more interested in your book because it's from an insider's point of view. I'm sure yours will feature more extreme examples of fetish art while theirs will be a sanitized version for the mainstream. Besides, with the increasing amount of fetish exposure in the media lately, I'm surprised there aren't more of these kind of books out there. In the end, yours will be the most accepted because it is out of true love from someone who is passionate about the theme". If you are a fetish photographer who would like to participate in this labour of love, write to me. Fetish Photo Anthology volume 4 is being prepared. Even if Carlton books and Tony Mitchell are doing a second Fetish book. I don't care. Send your pictures to:
SECRET Magazine, P.O.Box 1400, 1000 Brussels 1, Belgium.
email: SecretMag@glo.be

Betty Page

Queen of the Nile" by Jim Silkes
I mentioned in issue 18 a sort of newspaper magazine with the delicious Betty Page. Now we have discovered a limited paperback book with three stories. Edited by Dark Horse Comics, Inc., 10956 SE Main Street, Milwaukie, OR 97222, USA.
www.darkhorse.com

Secret Paris New film by Andrew Blake

Again, the master of aesthetic pornography has made a film of the highest quality. The original name makes me suspicious... does he read Secret? Who knows? Anyway, check out some excellent pictures... and after that rush to your local video store and get Secret Paris...

"It is the misunderstanding of the Earth, the forgetting of the star on which he lives, that has made for man an existence at the mercy of the merchandise he produces, the largest part of which is devoted to Death"
Georges Bataille

Bar Bar Fetish bar in Paris

For some time now, the Bar Bar has made its reputation for the organisation of good S&M parties. Lately they have made up the "Wheel of misfortune" where a slave is picked at random, then the punishment that he will receive, and finally the Mistress who will execute it... fun!
Bar Bar, 9 Rue de Crussol, 75011 Paris, France.
Tel: 01.48.05.76.77
www.bar-bar.com

Dita's Fan club

The renowned fetish model has her own fan club now. Write to: Dita's Fan club, P.O.Box 50414, Irvine, CA, 92619, USA. This is the cover of DDI North America.
www.ddimag.com

Shoe sculpture by Bruce Gray

These high heel shoes are constructed in welded aluminium and are the latest in his series of oversized

objects. The curvaceous straps and sexy stiletto heels make these sculptures a sensuous visual experience.
Contact: www.brucegray.com

Secret Magazine?

Some of my readers are real artists and send me all kind of things. I especially liked this one.
Artist contact: jgtm00@uswest.net

La Domaine Esemar

They organise excellent gatherings and are highly recommended.
Check out the "informal Château" at 518.781.6209.
www.thedigitalvillage.com

© Michael Manning

Feitiço Gallery

Again this art gallery is packed out with a powerful collection of **"edge erotica"**. They exhibit the work of Michael Manning, Rebekah Boyer and Jeff Pittarelli.
Contact: www.feitico.com

Mistress Mir

We interviewed her some years ago, and she is still a reference in domination.
Mistress Mir, 60-C Skiff Street, Box 146, Hamden, CT 06514, USA.
Tel: 203.624.6161 or www.Mistress Mir.com

House of Harlot

One of the most special catalogues I have received in some time now, is the new one from the latex manufacturers, House of Harlot. You can see that lots of work has gone into this, and the result is absolutely fabulous. Pictures by James & James, Trevor Watson, ChasRay Krider & Pifandomie. Most importantly - the clothing they make - can we still call this clothing? Yes, but they call it "Fetish Couture" and I guess that sooner or later these styles will be copied by Jean-Paul Gaulthier or some fancy "couturier". Their philosophy is to bring joy through superlative fetish Glamour. Get your copy of this fantastic catalogue.
www.house-of-harlot.com or directly from super fetish store SECRET!
Price: £10 (about 15us$)

The Cellar

Situated in Antwerp, here in Belgium, it was only right that we mention this one. I don't know much about this club so you'll have to check them out yourself!
Tel: 32.2.232.02.55

SM Club Doma

This club has been operating for quite some time now and we've only heard good things about it. They have several parties with different themes.
www.smclubdoma.nl
Doma Club, Asterstraat 107, 2565 TT Den Haag, Holland
Tel: int; 31.70.360.1822

The Corset Book by Alwyn Coats

Quoted as "being probably the finest artistic shots of corsets taken to date"... and it's difficult to disagree. Excellent production, hard backed - 64 pages of exquisite Victorian corsets. Price: £45 and worth it!
www.vollercorsets.com

© Alwyn Coats - www.vollercorsets.com

"I forgot to mention my friend from America, Kim Shoemaker, who wrote the story on page 93 of Secret 18."

Jürgen Boeck - editor

Mistress Shane

She came from the States, saw Belgium and stayed here. Now you can make an appointment at this address:
Ms. Shane, P.O.Box 462, 2000 Antwerpen 1, Belgium.
Mshane@ping.be

Mistress Françoise

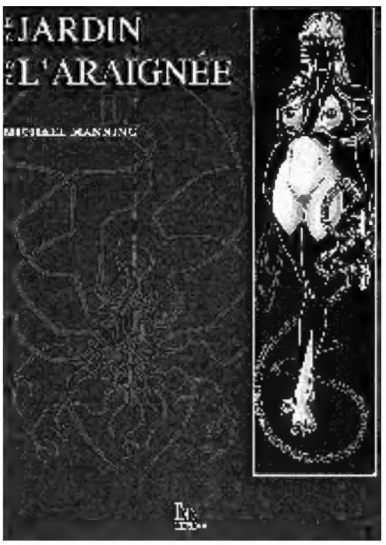
Probably the most famous European Mistress at this moment. Fully equipped dungeon and a great knowledge of all kinds of fantasies. Recommended by Secret.
Phone: 01.453.24.545
Fax: 01.482.85.670
www.maitressefrancoise.com

Marie-Laure Dagoit

Al dante editions here in france have edited a very nice little book, for collectors only, with the title: on me baise longtemps" (meaning: they are fucking me for a long time...) It's written in French but it's poetry, sex and art all in one. Picture by Gilles Berquet.

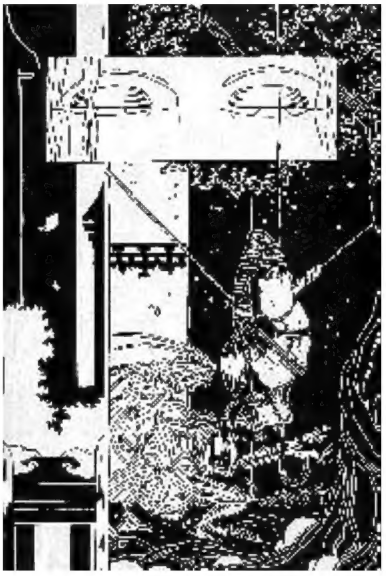
R.R. Design

Rob de Jong runs a latex atelier where he creates his own designs, but he can make everything you want. One unusual thing is that he also does repairs on rubber outfits. Contact:
Aarburgerstrasse 183, 4600 Olten, Switzerland. Tel/fax: 41.(0)62.296.13.34



Le Jardin de l'Araignée Michael Manning

Finally we have a European editor who has dared to publish Michael Manning's work here in Europe, and in French! Besides that, BDérogéne have done an excellent job and made a perfect hardcover, casebound book of it. The layout is slightly different to the original "Spider Garden" I received so long ago, but the excellent print quality is just perfect!
ISBN 2-7474-0006-9



Bondage Life

I remember the days where "Bondage Life" was edited by Kristine Emboh. This magazine is very similar to the old "Bondage Life" magazines, with lots of pretty girls, lots of (of course you dummy!) bondage, gags, readers letters, interview with Jewell Marceau, film reviews and much more interesting news on what? Yes, bondage! As topic is one of my favourites, I can only advise you to get this mag, but you probably have it allready.
P.O.Box 69976, West Hollywood, CA 90069, USA

SEX ME

First X rated video by Christophe Mourthé. He is one of the top fetish photographers of the globe and this next step was not expected by myself. I've known him for years and even if he was telling me he wanted to "close down" his period of erotic and fetish photography, I would never had expected him to turn X-rated videos. But these are not just "ordinary" videos. No, no, the costumes, supplied by Boutique Minuit here in Brussels, Les Artistes, Phyléa are exquisite. The girls have the typical

"look" that only Christophe Mourthé is able to achieve. The lighting is a gentle stroke for the eye.... well, what can I say? Just that Andrew Blake has to be carefull, because Christophe Mourthé is coming!

Kink in the Caribbean

They tell us it's the "ultimate holiday experience", but I wonder why? When in the Caribbean, why would you slip on your favourite rubber suit? Why not just go lie under a palmtree and have a nice time? But then again, you'll sweat, you'll be begging to take off that rubber suit... and your Mistress will be having a great time... yeah... why not? I would go for it, but then again, I should sell some more of these magazines, because £1250 per person, without the ticket is still way too much for me...but if you have this kind of money, and you want to blow your mind in the Caribbean...then go to:
www.kinkinthecaribbean.com
or email:
info@kinkinthecaribbean.co.uk

Erotic Sculptures

Leigh Heppell's sculptures are exquisite.... he works the bronze with delicacy, has an eye for detail and knows what bondage is all about. You can see from this pictures that his sculptures are more than special...
Contact him at: The Studio, Trenoweth, Mabe, Penryn, Cornwall, TR10 9JH, United Kingdom.
www.exotic.co.uk

Without Shame

Two Dutch photographers, Bert Janssen and Jan Blankestein, are working on a new book. It will depict a series of different fantasies through a total of 100 pictures. They are looking for models/people who would like to live her/his fantasie and have this shot in a series of photos. A text will accompany the pictures so that the participant may explain what he is feeling, etc.
Contact: info@photoart.nl

Glamour and Pin-up Art

Dave Nestler is a specialized artist in erotic/pin-up art. He's series "Blonde & Gagged" has appeared in several magazines and he is reknowned for his original approach to his art.
Wicked Studios, P.O.Box 42335, Pittsburgh, PA 15203, USA.

Sizzle Magazine

One of my favourite comix is Sizzle. They have the courage to pick out the artists they like, push them onto the newsstands and be rewarded for it. They hand-pick their artists, and the selection of pieces they publish is tops. With Michael Manning as my absolute favourite, they have plenty for the fetish lovers out there. Guess you knew this mag before I told you about it, didn't you!?

NBM, 555 - 8th Avenue, Ste 1202, New York, NY 10018, USA.
www.nbmpublishing.com
Mention SECRET when writing, that way I still get their new stuff...yeah, let it come...yeah, yeah...

Diatom

Glen Hanson and Dan Couto are working on a huge project called Diatom. Every picture they take for this is carefully thought over and then shot, with computer graphics added afterwards. The result is ,of course, excellent and even if I chose this picture because it was, for me, the most striking, it would be a shame if we didn't see more of this... so Mr. Couto, when are you going to answer my letters??~smile

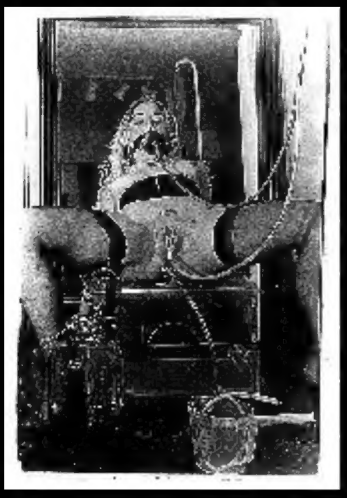
SchlagZeilen

Probably the best S&M magazine in the world. Run by the "realé" people, who know what they are talking about. Layout is excellent, info is tops, pictures are almost as good as in SECRET...~grin... Hey, I have to admit, they are much better than we are... and I can only highly recommend this magazine. That is if you can read German.

P.O.Box 304199, 20324 Hamburg, Germany.
www.schlagzeilen.com

S&M playing cards

There are sometimes things that make me giggle. These playing cards are one of them. Neatly produced, drawings from Renaud in all fetish & S&M themes. You may contact Jeebee at the following address: bjb@jeebee.com - the fact that my initials are on her bottom is just coïncidence... or is it?



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EXTREME

a new edition by Secret of hardcore bondage-suspension-piercing... pictures by the worlds best photographers like Trevor Watson, Del Valle, Ward Boult, Claude Alexande, China Hamilton, Guy Lemaire, and many, many more

Limited edition of 1000 numbered books
Price: 2000BF/100DM/50us$
Send us your name and full address together with credit card and we'll do the rest...

You will not regret it.

SECRET
P.O.Box 1400
1000 BXL 1
Belgium

Trevor Watson

Cheek !!

After my desperate cry in issue 18, the guys from the Erotic Print Society have heared my pleads and sent me this magnificent book: Cheek!

Trevor Watson, who is one of my favourite photographers, has gathered a collection of fetish photography unequalled up to this day. After his "Girls behaving badly" he has now published an enormous collection of the female bottom. From what you can see on these pages, it's from a very high quality, erotic, fetish,... hell, what do you want more!? Get your copy from The Erotic Print Society, 1 Maddox Street, London W1R 9WA, England email: eros@eps.org.uk - mention SECRET please....

Trevor Watson contact: tw@twphoto.u-net.com

Tokyo Sex Underground

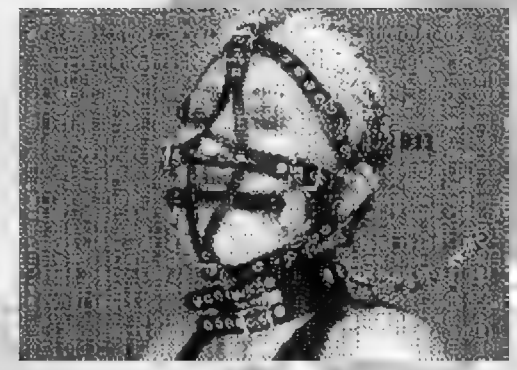
If you like Japanese girls in bondage, bondage or in hospital scenes, then the name Romain Slocombe will be familiar to you. This new book, edited by Creation books has little new to show. Some critics call him the "ferryman between two cultures", but I would prefer a documentarist of the Japanese subculture. What we Europeans don't understand is that bondage, and all the rest, is a part of life in Japan. For me this book is not an eyeopener, but a very nice collection of documentary pictures. For somebody that will see these pictures for the first time, will go like Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Too bad there is no text so that some of the images could have been commented or given depth. Maybe next time?

contact: www.creationbooks.com

Quality Control have been manufacturing premium quality fetish equipment for over 10 years and supplied more than 12,000 customers world-wide. The company was established to meet the needs of those in the fetish scene who wanted high quality products and is now producing some of the finest handmade fetish equipment in the world.

Over the years - Quality Control - has developed a reputation as one of the leading suppliers of fetish equipment. This reputation extends far outside the fetish scene, with their products often being used by the television, fashion and film industries. Warner Bros. purchased a Quality Control whip for Sean Connery in the New Avengers movie and you can frequently see their products on many magazine and book covers.

As the company name implies, quality is of paramount importance to them. Most of their products are individually hand-crafted by their experienced leather workers, using only the very best grades of leathers and suedes which are hand picked from around the world. They always select each individual skin themselves to ensure that the end product is one of quality and distinction.



Quality Control are committed to manufacturing the highest quality products available and providing an excellent customer service. They are proud of their integrity and always aim to give full satisfaction to every customer. If you have any queries or suggestions regarding Quality Control products please contact them at the address below. They are always interested to hear customers comments and will promptly respond to all correspondence.

Quality Control
PO Box 4127
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B29 4LF England

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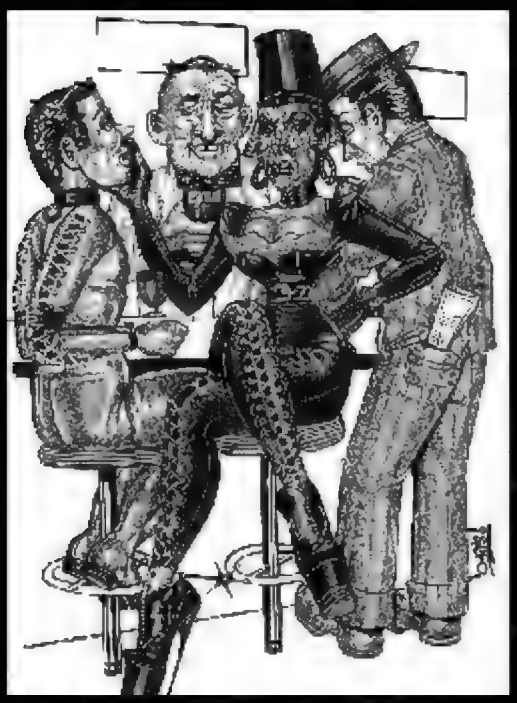


'Pens are a passion'

Following in the tradition of great fantasy and fetish artists is Chris! of England who is still keeping the style alive as did those before him, Eric Stanton, Gene Bilbrew, Bill Ward and John Willie.

Chris! with an exclamation mark has become quite a distinctive force in the fetish fantasy and glamour art world with his monolythic style he has incorporated, always showing extreme spiked heel shoes, tight waisted corsetted gals and the sheerest of nylons that would bring shivers up and down a spine of any red hot blooded human (girls too!!).

Born in the mid 60's, emigrated to the UK in 1970, did the school and college thing, graduated with diplomas in art and photography, decided one day to pack his bags and go back packing in Europe. This lasted for 2 years, visiting different countries finally ending up in Greece where he found the first and memorable job working for a glam type magazine, doing cartoons during the day and photography and reporting for a nightly (where to go, what to eat) newspaper, doing papparazzi work. Also found time to DJ 'ing (his love for music) at a jazz and soul club in downtown athens called 'the Wildfyre'.

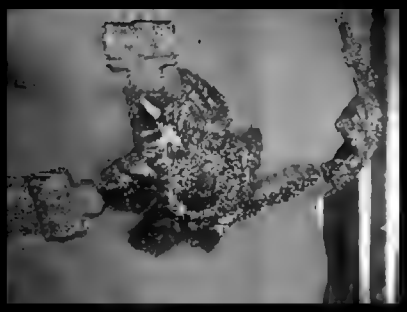
After saving up some cash he decided enough was enough and returned to the UK setting himself up as a freelance cartoonist and have been illustrating wonderful and weird art to every magazine immaginable, ie: Stiletto, Heels and Hose, Shiny International, Janus, The Godess, Leg Sex, Leg Show, Reflections, Atomage, Madame and many others.

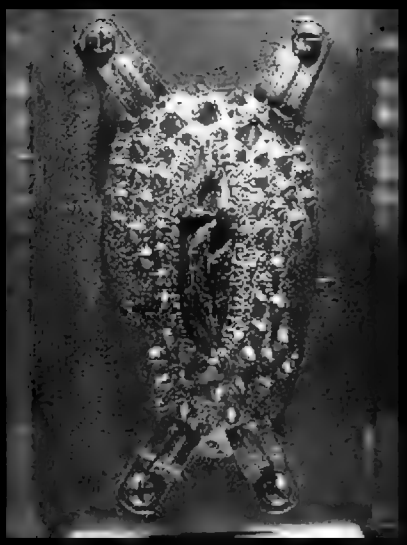
Chris! is also responsible for illustrating the life story of the sex legend Vanessa del Rio. It was she that approached him and asked him to draw her.

Chris! is always available for comissioned work, he has compiled all his artworks on-to CD too spanning 21 years of fetish and fantasy artworks. There are 500+ artworks on the CD. and is priced at a mere $55 or £24.00 (UK sterling)
Any parties interested should contact him direct at chriscartoons@talk21.com

CHRIS! OF ENGLAND

John F. Gallagher





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Corrective Measures

by Sarah Veitch

'Believe what you like,' the Dutchman murmured, 'I'll prove otherwise when I next haul you over my lap.' He returned his attentions to Geri's defenceless bum. 'Where was I? Oh yes, disciplining this recalcitrant trollop.' He applied the whip to both glowing hemispheres, flogging the curvy underswell so that the girl moaned and pushed her pelvis forward the little she could. 'Do you still want to flirt?' he asked coolly, 'Still want a stranger's thick cock inside you? Still long to stroke another man's balls?'
'No sir,' Geri half-sobbed, 'Only want the cock of the man I married.'
Karel Kromhout smiled and shook his head. 'Oh sweetheart, you'll say anything when that pretty bottom of yours is getting a roasting. If only you did as well in our psychological examinations. Truth is, those exams show that you're still naive and deceitful, that you need to be soundly chastened for a very long time.'
'I know, sir, but not now, please - it stings so much,' the Scandinavian girl said piteously.
'I'll give you four more lashes for complaining too much,' the Correction House worker answered, 'Then we'll see if you're a good girl by conducting one of our little tests.' A shudder ran through the girl's flesh at the mention of the word tests. Her body trembled.
'I hope you've been learning self control,' Karel Kromhout added, applying the whip again.
'Aaah. Yes, Master. I won't do anything without permission,' the blonde gasped tensely. She shook her hips from side to side as if to shake off the lash.
'Time to go dancing, sweetheart,' the correction worker murmured, applying the riding crop four more times and making Geri jig about and yell.
When her whipping was over, Karel Kromhout dropped the implement but left the girl tethered in place.

'Testing time,' he said, moving his strong body into a crouch on the floor. He did something to a circular handle on the, beam between Geri's spread thighs and a black shaft slowly elongated from the ground until it formed a phallus that was three feet high, its head near the blonde girl's labia. 'Now for an exquisite little adjustment or two,' the man said. He smiled, then moved nearer to the Swede's nude body. Ruth watched in eroticised fascination as he parted Geri's labial lips.

Even from where she was seated she could see that Geri was very wet, her pink fronds swollen. She groaned when the trainee Master touched her, then rubbed her sex against his hand.

'Bad girl,' he said lightly, 'This isn't your husband's hand, and you've just been telling me that you only want to enjoy sex with your husband. I'm not convinced that you can pass our little test.'

'I'llpass,' the girl gasped hollowly. Ruth wished that she could see her face rather than her buttocks. But Franklin seemed to be enjoying the hot sore view. Now it looked as if the emphasis was going to be on the hot. As everyone watched, Karel Kromhout manually lengthened the phallus until its penile head nudged against Geri's sexual slot.

'In a moment,' he said to the tethered adulteress, 'You're going to near Nirvana, because I'm going to switch this on.' He stood back and contemplated the scene, then shook his head. 'Justus, can you get me a collar and attachment clips? She doesn't have enough downward movement this way so the test isn't scientific.' He smiled at the waiting blonde woman, 'After all, your hot quim needs the option of bearing down.'

"I'll won't bear down, Master,' Geri said fervently, 'Not unless you tell me to.'

'Oh believe me, sweetheart,' Karel Kromhout said, 'I won't.' He looked over at Franklin. 'Sometimes she's allowed to climax on a machine like this, aren't you angel? Her pussy loves it. She comes so long and loud.' He sighed and shook his head, 'But last night she was a bad girl, and has a bad pussy. So its pleasure obviously has to be denied.' Justus Lederwaren approached Karel Kromhout and handed over a studded black appendage and something which briefly caught the light. Ruth craned her head forward to see what the man was holding.
'Get a good view, love,' Franklin said crudely, 'You could be next.'
'Only if I do something wrong,' Ruth muttered. She'd promised herself that she'd behave like an angel to avoid giving Karel Kromhout the opportunity of pulling down her pants.
'Oh, you'll do something wrong all right,' her husband countered, 'After six years of marriage I reckon I know you pretty well, and I'm willing to make a bet on it.'
Ruth swallowed twice then sat more firmly on her bum. She still felt at risk, so curled her hands around the bench to hold herself in situ. She was so glad that she wasn't in Geri's place. She watched as Karel Kromhout unfastened the Swedish girl's wrist cuffs from the beam.
'Swing your arms about for a couple of minutes before I bind them in a different position,' he said gently.
Geri swung her hands back and forward twice, then moved them around to cup her reddened buttock cheeks. 'A bad girl isn't allowed to touch her punished arse,' Karel Kromhout added, moving behind her quickly. With equal speed he slapped her protective hands away.
Then he picked up the collar from the floor. It had silver studs on the outside, was the kind of thick collar worn by a large dog like an Alsatian. As the watchers watched, he slid it around Geri's throat, and buckled it in place.
'It doesn't hurt,' Justus said, looking over at Ruth intently. 'It just makes her feel more slave-like and it gives us an appendage on which to fasten her wrists.'
He handed the glistening accoutrements to Karel who

fastened them to the leather band. Ruth could now see that they were chrome hoops which linked the girl's wrist cuffs to her collar. Now her legs were still tethered apart to the floor, but she looked as if she'd put her hands behind her head.
'She couldn't stay like that for long. It's not comfortable,' Justus Lederwaren said, looking at Ruth and then at Franklin.
Karel Kromhout laughed. 'But I suspect that she won't have to, that her pussy will betray her really quick.'
'It won't, sir,' Geri whispered. She twisted around as she said the words, and looked pleadingly at Karel. Then her eyes focused on Ruth and Franklin, and she blushed some more. 'I won't come without permission,' she muttered, her nipples stiffening, 'I just won't.'
'That's what your upper mouth says. Let's see what those lower lips want,' Karel Kromhout said in his usual crude voice. 'Now what can this little switch do? I really must press it and see what happens,' the man continued. Geri groaned. She was obviously familiar with the switch's purpose and with its long term effects. Karel Kromhout pressed a button lower down the phallic machine and the entire thick rod immediately started vibrating gently. Its effect on the bound girl's sex centre was obviously quite strong. She exhaled hard and then pushed her body against the machine so that a quarter inch of it disappeared inside her eager sex tunnel. Ruth watched the black cock entering the white and inner-pink quim.

Geri wasn't watching herself being turned on - but she was obviously feeling it. She sagged slightly at the waist and moved her bound arms forward a little way. Now that she'd impaled her rim on the machine she didn't seem to have the willpower to rise off it. Either that, or the blissful sensations had robbed her spreadeagled legs of their remaining strength.
'Does the bad pussy like that?' Karel Kromhout taunted, walking in front of the tethered girl.
'Y-e-s,' Geri said through breath, the word a drawn out whimper. Ruth watched the girl's bum cheeks closing more tightly together as she flexed her thighs above the arousing machine.
'But the pussy knows that it mustn't come, that it must learn self discipline,' the trainee Master added gloatingly.
In answer, the blonde girl groaned. 'I didn't hear the pussy's reply,' Karel Kromhout continued in a low clear voice.
'I'll... try not to... come,' the Swedish infidel said, her buttocks twitching like they were being stung.
'Because what happens if you do come?' the Dutchman prompted, picking up the riding crop from the floor and running it insinuatingly through his fingers as he walked around her excited nubile frame."
'I'll be sorry,' Geri gasped out. There was an almost unbearable sexual frenzy in her voice. Her spread thighs trembled.
'How sorry?' her tormentor queried, lashing the whip against the floor so that the sound echoed through the Punishment Room. He repeated the question in a voice as soft as silk. 'Mm, my sweet? How sorry will you be? How sorry will your arse be?' But Geri seemed to be lost for words.
Justus Lederwaren joined Ruth and Franklin on the bench.
'Will she fail the test?' Ruth asked.
'What do you think?' Justus answered, raising his eyes heavenward.
Ruth imagined how she'd feel if her own sex was positioned over that devilish machine. The vibrations would thrill the rim of her vulva and emanate up, up, up, also spiralling to her clitoris. Her labial leaves would be resting on the oscillating head. The resonance would send signals which said almost, almost, almost, and in desperation she'd bear down on the thick shaft a little bit.
Ruth looked back. Geri was indeed moving more greedily against the phallic machine. Her sex seemed to suck another half inch of the black cock in and hold it captive. A light sheen of perspiration now coated her back and shoulders. Her bum was still crisscrossed with zealous cruel red.
'Please let me come,' she whispered in a lust-filled voice.
'Permission denied, girl,' Karel Kromhout said laconically.
'But I need to...' the Swedish girl pleaded, squim-fing more urgently against the tool.
'Do you need to come as much as your hot bum needs a thrashing?'
'No, please. Got to... can't bear...' The girl seemed to reach some point of unthinking need, and lapsed into her native Swedish. Then each sinew of her nude body stiffened and she cried out and convulsed in ecstasy against the pulsating machine. 'Ah,' she gasped out, 'Ah, ah, aaaaaaaaah.' Her fingers moved spasmodically against her own hair, her arms moving the little they could courtesy of the wrist bonds. A trickle of perspiration seeped from under her collar and made its shiny way to her glistening back. 'Ah,' she said again, 'Uh, uh, uh, uh. Jesus!' Ruth knew that the contractions which follow orgasm were taking place.
When Geri's ecstatic cries and overjoyed writhing eventually stopped, Karel Kromhout switched off the pussy-pleasuring implement. Then he undid the cuffs from the collar and from her slim wrists, and she put her arms around his neck and held on tight. Next he unbound her ankles and rubbed her spreadeagled legs.
Ruth stared at the Scandinavian girl's taut thighs and wetlook pubis. Watching this whipping and quim-based teasing had made her feel so strange. Part of her had hated watching the naked girl's buttocks reddening. Another part of her had wanted to see.
'Does she... Will Mr Kromhout use the riding crop again because she came without permission?' she asked, her voice strained.
'Personally I'd cane her,' Franklin said, slapping his palms together hard.
Justus Lederwaren looked from one to the other. 'No, her hindquarters have suffered sufficiently for today.' He cast an expansive hand around the room with its many devices. 'I'm sure Karel will come up with a punishment which doesn't involve her bum.' He looked back at his contemporary, who was now ordering the girl to bring her spread legs together and stand in place.
'Shall I leave the Punishment Chamber now?' Geri murmured hopefully.

Corrective Measures is an excellent CP - book written by Sarah Veitch. You may obtain your copy by sending £7.95 to Palmprint Publications, P.O.box 1775, Salisbury SP1 2XF, England www.palmprint.fsbusiness.co.uk

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The first lash across the buttocks

I'd read the books, seen the magazine, done my share of fantasising. Now, at last, for the real experience. There is probably a basic need in most men to be dominated, possibly a throwback to childhood or babyhood when the maternal figure was of the most importance in one's life - the provider of food, warmth, comfort, safety, love...

After the mother will come the junior school teacher (usually a woman) who will become the focus of the male's wish for admiration, approbation, commendation and the one who must be propitiated, the one who issues discipline, the one who controls progress through a young life. As we grow up, such submissive feelings are overcome in the need to thrust oneself into the maelstrom of business and social life. The further up the ladder we go, the further behind do we leave those primitive desires to be controlled, loved, desired.

The adult male in a controlling position is probably most in need of the chance to revert to a state of complete submission to a dominant outside force. Are there any men who are not curiously excited by the sight of Diana Rigg in her leather Avengers' gear or Jane Fonda as Barbarella? Variations in skin-tone (i.e leather, rubber) appear to be the universal 'turn-on' for both sexes, while black is the colour of darkness, horror and fear. Put them all together and the combination is likely to be the most powerful sexual stimulus for both sexes. Much the same motivation probably accounts for the subconscious rape instinct of many women's fantasies while, in the male ego, the reversal of roles is most likely to result. In what is still a male-dominated society where the man is still, for the most part, expected to be provider and bread-winner and to take the lead in the eternal battle of the sexes the chance to reverse roles to allow the woman to take complete control is probably universal. Of course, such reversal is one-sided.

No woman, no matter how much she may fantasise about being raped, really wants such a terrible event to happen to her and quite rightly any man who violates a woman in such a way deserves the utmost penalty of the law. The man who, generally speaking, is much more physically powerful than the woman and who fantasises about being in the complete power of a woman is in a position to play out such fantasies without danger of hurting anyone apart, possibly, from himself, physically or mentally. Here was I, a middle-aged businessman, finally admitting honestly to myself his desire to be owned by a woman. Twenty-five years of marriage, now divorced, no children, a three year affair with a woman much younger who had now left me for another man. Lonely, depressed, ready for a new experience. For some years I had dabbled - I'd bought the magazines, purchased some equipment, experimented with telephone recorded messages, even arranged a few returned live calls, looked at the contact magazines - all at exorbitant cost and with diminishing returns. Dare 'I now take the ultimate step - to actually contact one of the advertisers? Eventually I plucked up courage, to the extent that I replied to advertisements, placed by Dominatrices looking for custom. Even so I was afraid of the commitment needed to contact an advertiser by telephone - I needed to find out more. So I drafted a non committal letter which I sent to two chosen box numbers and directly to one lady who provided an accommodation address. The two box numbers have so far failed to respond but, to my surprise, the direct contact responded at once. I received a detailed letter, including some stimulating photographs of the lady in question. She listed her approximate location, her services and prices. Still

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unsure of myself I had chosen advertisers who offered postal tuition to slaves and, before going further, I applied for the advertised video and training course.

Home Tuition

Previous attempts to purchase domination videos had invariably brought disappointment, the products either not arriving at all, containing none of the material required or being of such poor quality as to be risible. So, it was with some resignation that I opened the package from Lady C (as I shall call her) and inserted the video into the player. What a surprise! The video opened with the sight of a beautiful young woman, dressed entirely in black leather and brandishing a whippy cane, introducing the five part course and demonstrating her chamber and personal slave. Then, each lesson proceeded, beginning with three rules to be learned by heart, using her slave to demonstrate her techniques and containing activities for the trainee to undergo and tasks for him to undertake. The lessons covered boot and shoe worship, dog training, body worship, pony training, maid training. The prospective slave was taught complete obedience, how to dress (or undress), how to behave... Following instructions I purchased a padlock and chain to wear round the waist, a dog collar, fishnet tights to wear to work, high heeled patent black

Leather shoes to practice on, dog food and feeding bowl, ice to put down the front of my underpants while I watched a lesson, and a set of matching knickers, stockings and suspender belt to wear with Mistress. I wrote reports on my experiences, and essays on such topics as "Why Mistress is Superior," "Ten Original Punishments" "Ten Privileges that the Slave would like to be given," "Ten Tasks that the Slave could do for his Mistress." He also had to write about his experiences in buying and wearing the various items and attempt to buy the smallest size of condoms from a lady assistant in a chemist's and shave off his pubic hair. Finally, he must prepare a card with his name, prefixed by the word "Slave" and be photographed with it hanging round his neck. All tasks had to be prepared meticulously and repeated if any mistake occurred. Once I had decided to take part, I played my part with enthusiasm mixed with not a little apprehension.

At the conclusion of the Course, I submitted all essays and reports, together with photograph, a humble letter of application suggesting certain dates and a deposit on Madam's Tribute - I had quickly decided that now was the time for the real thing reckoning that if Lady C in the flesh was half as good and lovely as she appeared in the video, and as original in her methods as the training course suggested, any Slave visiting her abode was in for an exciting and frightening time. And within a week I received her orders to present myself for an interview and assessment session at a stated time, with instructions on how to reach her. I was now totally committed!

The Session

Ringing the bell of her establishment I wondered what I had let myself in for, consoling myself with the thought that at least there would be a gentle introduction, perhaps a chat or a drink before getting down to it - this was, after all, an interview or so I thought.

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I was quickly disabused of this view. A low, steady voice, with which I was already familiar from the video, commanded me to enter. The door closed behind me and I stood in a small, dimly-lit, ante-room.
"Come in," snapped the voice. "Why are you standing out there?"

Clearly the session had already begun! Entering "Lady C's" sanctum I got an impression of an attractive young woman, casually dressed, relaxing on a sofa. And that was the last time I glimpsed her until the moment I left. Instinctively I adopted a submissive position with my head bowed while my tribute and note of my experience was appraised before I was curtly ordered to strip completely and fold my clothes neatly; then I was led, on my knees, into her Chamber where I caught sight of a large, mirrored, room, with dim, red, lighting and an outstanding assortment of equipment and furniture which caused the hairs on my neck to rise.

Called upon to recite Mistress's rules, I fumbled and corrected myself so was ordered to write all the rules out on my knees, Mistress going to change in the meanwhile. Trying to finish before she returned, I hurried the task and made a mistake which I did not spot until she pointed it out; I was forced to repeat the exercise until she was satisfied.

Out of the corner of my eye I was aware that she was now wearing a pair of (very) high-heeled boots which reached so far up her elegant legs that I was unable to see the top the rest of her costume was invisible from my cowed position although I later became aware that she was wearing fish-net tights and a figure-hugging body suit, all, of course, in black.

Once the written exercise was finally completed to her satisfaction I was instructed to put on my dog-collar and waist chain, both of which operations were completed in fumbling haste while Mistress 'tchkd' impatiently, the meanwhile tapping a thin whip or riding crop (I couldn't see which) on those exciting boots. Finally dressed to her satisfaction although I have been ordered to have the word 'Slave' engraved on the name tag of the collar (what further embarrassment will that cause?) - I was allowed to stand briefly and told to turn round slowly while she examined every part of my body making disparaging comments about my attributes.

Back on my knees again I was instructed to worship her boots, kissing, licking, fondling and finally cleaning them, fetching the necessary cleaning materials in my mouth from a cupboard. Following, came dog-training where, fastening a lead to my collar, she put me through my paces exhaustively, before feeding me with dog-biscuits from my own bowl and kindly allowing me to lap from a bowl of water to case my now parched throat.

Still kneeling at her feet, I was then questioned about the content of the training course before she made me crawl to the other end of the chamber where, looking up for the first time, I realised that Mistress had positioned me in front of a fearsome piece of apparatus in the shape of a St. Andrew's Cross standing about eight foot high. I was faced against this, my arms lifted and chained to the higher arms, a stiff belt fastened round my waist, and my legs strapped at ankle and thigh height to the lower limbs of the cross. Thus secured I found myself firmly pinioned against the cross and unable to move any part of my body except my head. Lady C left me for a few moments when, for the first time, by looking at the reflections in the mirror facing me and by straining my neck I was able, for the first time, to examine some of the other items in view. There, at the end most distant from me was a large and solidly built cage, close by it a leather-covered bed, the purpose of which was impossible to guess. Nearer was an

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item which appeared to be a vaulting-horse with straps attached (presumably a whipping-stool). An amazing array of items covered every wall whips, canes, harnesses, hoods, chains, gags and many others whose immediate identity was not apparent.

Most of one wall was occupied by a large wardrobe whose contents were invisible. Swivelling my head upwards I could see hooks and ropes suspended from the cavernous roof..... But at that point Lady C was back and I tensed myself for what was to come as she went immediately to a rack of whips on one wall. Returning she stood motionless behind me - an expert in psychological pressure. Suddenly, I felt her gloved hand massaging my cock and balls and realised that she was coating the area with something soft and sticky. A familiar aroma arose from between my legs and I realised that she had applied a liberal coating of Deep Heat. A rather pleasant warming sensation quickly developed into a screaming pain which infused all my lower parts so that I had to grit my teeth to avoid crying out. "I call this "Boil in the Bag," a mocking voice smiled.

The first lash across the buttocks took me by surprise and caused me to jerk in my bonds but didn't really hurt. But that was followed rapidly by a succession of blows across buttocks, thighs and back, respite only being granted when Mistress paused to change her torture instrument for one providing greater weight, until she finally graduated to a fine whippy cane which cut like a knife. Although I had withstood the preliminary bombardment with something approaching equanimity, this last was almost more than I could stand and I writhed helplessly, while sweat poured down my face and shoulders, matting my hair.

Finally, I was released but only for more boot worship before Lady C strapped me face-up and spread-eagled on the leather covered couch, knelt astride my head and shoulders facing my feet and began to play with my fiercely erect cock while I was ordered to lick her bottom. When my body flatly refused to respond to her ministrations, she slapped the offending organ several times, freed me, led me into her sanctum and ordered me to dress and leave, offering finally her finger tips to be kissed in farewell.

During the whole session, Lady C never raised her voice, giving her commands in a low, even voice which, nevertheless, possessed all the authority in the world. She maintained her role throughout, gave nothing away about herself knew the value of silence as a tactical weapon, and appeared to gain great enjoyment by the punishment and humiliation of a man. So, if your experiences of female domination via advertisements have only brought disappointment, persevere. One day you, too, may find your divine Mistress.

So I found myself in the street, clutching my bag containing all the items obtained from the training course, save the waist chain which I had been ordered to wear all the way home. My legs wobbled slightly as I made my way back to the car.

Slave Servilius

PHOTOGRAPHERS

We are starting with the next volume of the Fetish Photo Anthology.

All photographers who would like to participate, send in your pictures in print or on Pc-CD rom. (Tiff files - 300 dpi - greyscale)

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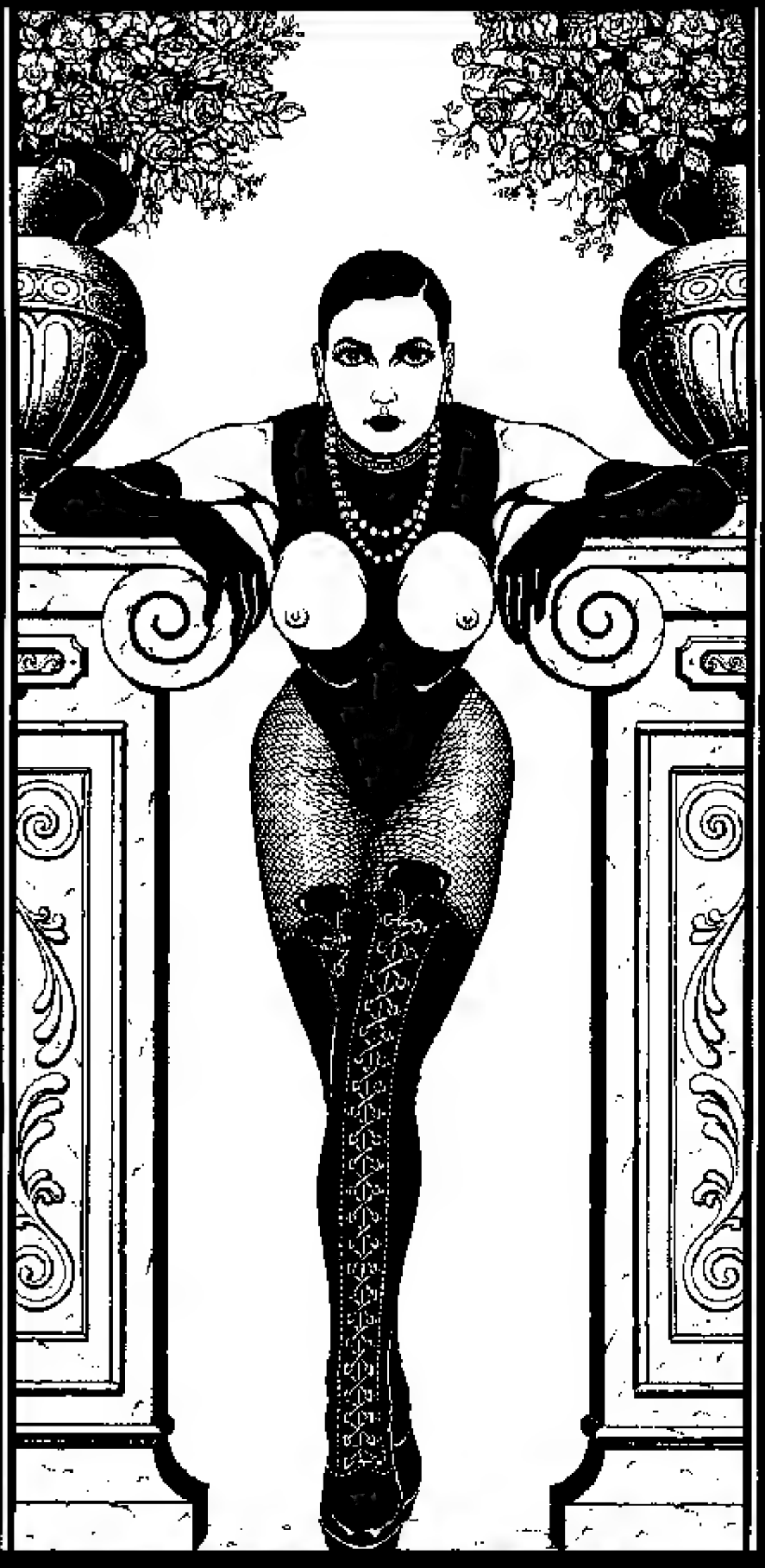

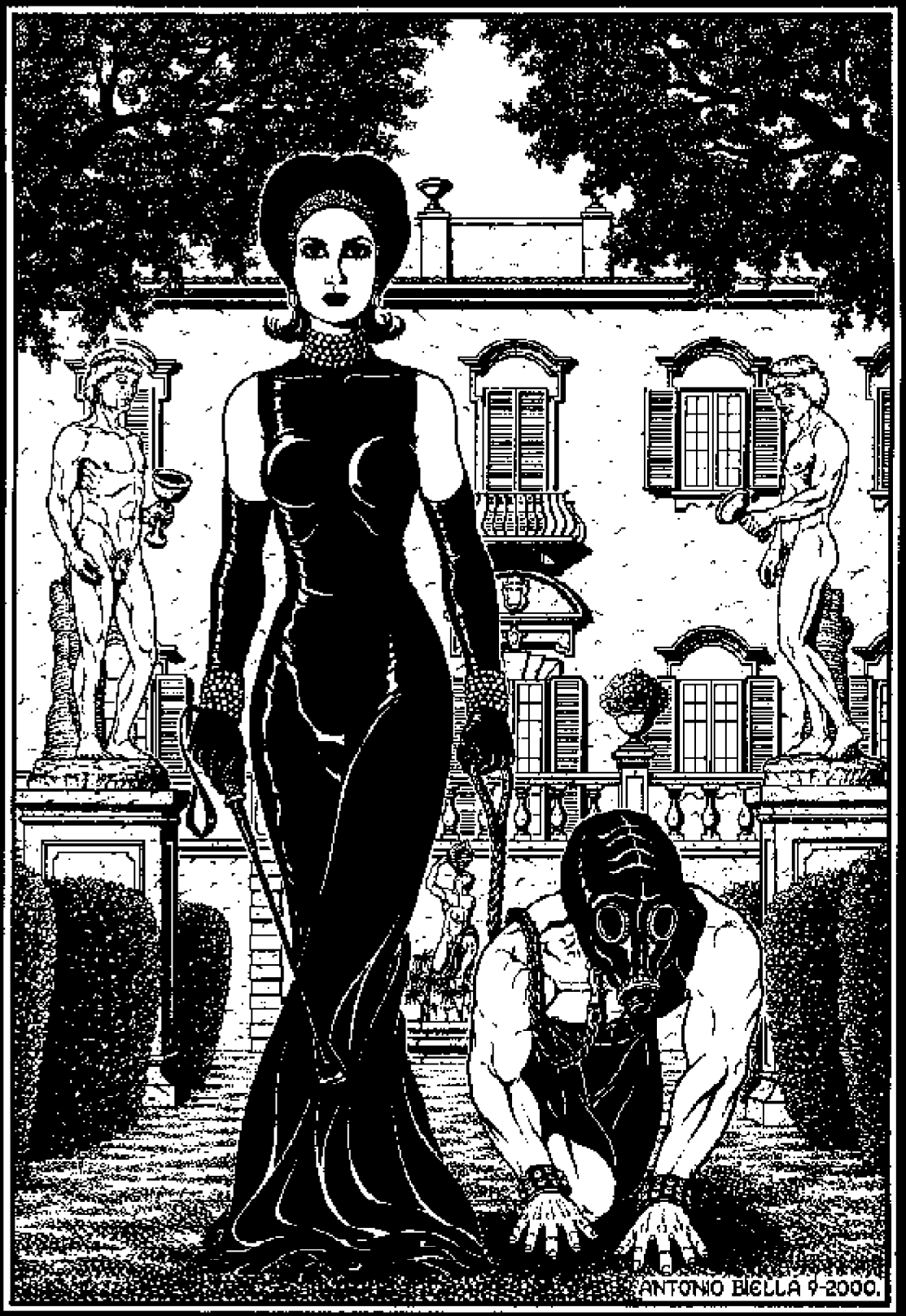
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MYSTERY OF A PASSION

Like all fanciful aptitudes, fetishism becomes a perversion when it is exaggerated: that is, when it becomes a solitary and monomaniacal obsession. All men are keen on the sight of a delicate foot wearing an elegant shoe. But only those that are excited exclusively by this are said to be abnormal. But who is normal?

In reality, all of us have our own rather twisted erotic imaginations: a recent survey has revealed that half of women, at least once, have dreamed of tying up and whipping their partner, and the other half of suffering the opposite treatment. Even a vulgar **word** said at the right moment can be enjoyable, and a hint of pain often accompanies the inebriation of the embrace; just as, at higher levels, love evokes a subtle desire for death: Eros and Thanatos are brothers. But naturally no normal person loves being struck, or outraged, or dropping stone dead in the middle of an embrace. It is, as always a question of degrees.

But **why,** of all the objects and garments of fetishism, is the shoe the most representative, and most well known? There are two theories and we will state them with the appropriate degree of scepticism. The first is that footwear is, by definition, a container, and as such in man evokes the female organ. The introduction of the foot into the shoe would be the substitute for intercourse, rendered more exciting and perverse by the fact that it is the woman herself possessing herself. The unconscious transmission of desire from the man to the partner, which anticipates its satisfaction with a symbolic gesture.

The second, completely opposite is that the stiletto heel (the taller the heel the more powerful the fetishism) is the unconscious substitute of the virile member, which man reveres on the foot of a woman to disguise his own latent homosexuality: the male transfers this insane aspiration onto a more permissible object, because linked to the female body. We do not know which of the two is correct: perhaps a little of both, and perhaps neither. The pretension to read into the human mind is quite utopian, and the battle between the various psychiatric, psychoanalytic and neurological schools amply demonstrates this. Let us satisfy ourselves with knowing that, if they do not make it an exclusive object of desire, a slim-ankle, an arched foot and an elegant shoe favourably strike all normal people. There is no need for recourse to nervous pathology. Perhaps the aesthetic consideration that the shoe lengthens, renders slimmer, raises, is sufficient. The stature of women has always been smaller than that of males, who have taken this as grounds for their superiority and dominion over them. But in each of us there coexist two souls: an esprit de finesse and an esprit de géometrie, feeling and rationality, weakness and strength, subjection and authority. It is not at all true that men claim that women are on an Inferior level: **they only do so when it suits them.** Sometimes they want them on the same intellectual, sentimental and erotic level, and even something more.

Footwear facilitates this restoration, and stimulates that masculine part that would like women to be their equal. Not only that. Every male has a latent tendency towards subjection. Without arriving at the paradoxes of masochism, it is true that man, more than woman, feels, every once in a while, the excitement of subordination. Perhaps he would like to restore equilibrium compromised centuries ago, because man, in bed, has always been an unsatisfactory and rough dominator. When the spark of this recomposition goes off, the male accepts a sweet and pleasant subjugation. All this it is a mental attitude, which has nothing to do with chains, whips, and the other instruments. It is a restoration of equality.

The shoe and the foot are the harmless instruments of this peaceful surrender.

Their admiration, well mannered and discreet, is a pagan homage by the tempting snake to the woman that really binds him to the yoke of seduction. And if it is true, as psychoanalysts always teach us, that the reptile is a phallic symbol, religious iconography has often abused the biblical image, representing the Virgin with too sensual a foot to be the instrument of divine justice. In certain paintings, the demon succumbs too softly under Mary's heel.

And finally the shoe is the instrument of contrast with the apparent innocence of simple nudity. A naked woman can be the symbol of a virginal innocence; the nudity of Lucretia by Dürer accentuates the innocence of the violated young woman, who finds suicide to be the only instrument of rebellion; nobody could imagine her with stiletto heels. Now consider Olympia by Manet: her body is much more diaphanous than that of the sanguine Roman noblewoman, but everybody understands that she is debauched: the silk collar, the flower in the hair, the Negro slave girl, but above all the elegant shoes with gilded uppers. To be exciting, the nudity must be tempered.

All these considerations, of course, are simple hypothesis. The mystery of seduction does not reside in objects, but in the minds of those who send and receive a message that is always different and eternally the same. But the soul would remain confined in the world of Platonic ideas if it did not express itself through tangible representations, which acquire vitality through the way they are perceived. The most sadomasochistic fetishistic shoe is a harmless, even ridiculous knick-knack, if the person wearing it does not transmit a lash of seduction with the brain. As with all objects, it also only acquires a meaning through our imagination, our emotionalism and our fantasy.

Written by Nordia, taken from from the book "Shoes, Objects of art and Seduction". Available from Abbeville Publishing Group, 22 Cortlandt Street, New York, NY, 10007, USA. American distribution centre: Abbeville Press, C/o C.S.S.C. Bldg. 424, Raritan Center, Edison, NJ 08817, USA.

Dave Naz

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Dave Naz

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Foot-and-shoe fetishism

Geoff Nicholson

I used to go out with a woman who was walking home from work one day when a perfectly respectable-looking man said to her, 'Excuse me, there's something stuck to your shoe. Let me get it off for you,' and immediately he was kneeling at her feet, breathing heavily, salivating and fondling her court shoes. Another time she was stopped by a man with a clipboard who claimed he was conducting a survey on foot health and before she knew it, he was asking her all sorts of intimate questions about foot odour and whether she kept her shoes on during sex. On yet another occasion (admittedly, it was at a fetish club) a man stopped her on her way to the ladies loo, handed her a shoe he'd brought with him for the occasion and asked her to fill it with urine for him.

Now the interesting thing is that when she recounted these stories, to me or to anyone else, they were always comical. We all laughed. And this is the strange thing, because sex obsession isn't usually funny. Tell people you're into pain or bondage or humiliation or group sex, and although they may be shocked, although they may be disapproving, they'll definitely take you seriously. But tell them you're fascinated by feet and shoes and, likely as not, they'll just snigger.

Cockneys, for example, refer to feet as plates of meat, which hardly sounds very sensual. And even the erotic practice of sucking individual toes is known to aficionados as 'shrimping' - a description that's quite inventive, but which still sounds extremely frivolous. But I suspect the real reason why people find feet funny is that they're so commonplace, so ubiquitous, that they perform lots of non-sexual functions. They sit there at the end of your legs, aching and blistered, having carried you around all day, covered with corns and callouses, all twisted and knocked about, so it's very hard to think of them as sexual objects. But that's exactly the nature of the beast. It's precisely because most feet are unattractive that a really great pair is so highly prized.

Beautiful feet are not to be found on every street corner, and even when you see a nice pair they're not always being displayed to their best advantage. Feet may be a naturally occurring phenomenon but they need a certain amount of art before they can be seen at their best. They need to be shod, and not just any old shoe will do; even the most innocent shoe-wearer knows what we're talking about here. We all know, for example, what kind of shoes are stolen, sniffed and fondled. And they aren't likely to be carpet slippers or Dr Scholl exercise sandals. They are likely to be spike heels, with pointed or peep toes; with ankle straps maybe (even double ankle straps); perhaps backless high-heeled mules or nearly naked stiletto strappy sandals - quite simply 'fuck-me shoes'.
The term is an ancient and honorable one, and the concept is easy to understand. Certain kinds of shoes

© Dave Naz - Model: Mistress Victoria St. Cyr

convey a message from the wearer to the world. The message here is: 'If you can catch me, you can fuck me.' The rest of the message is that, in these shoes, the wearer won't be able to run very far or fast. Just about anyone will be able to catch her.

Nevertheless, despite many people's amusement and perhaps bemusement over foot and shoe fetishism, you may recall one or two very high profile news stories involving elements of foot worship. Firstly, there were those notorious pictures of Sarah Ferguson having a 'toe job', which appeared on the front pages of the tabloids a few years ago, and then there's the ongoing case of Chuck Jones which continues to make the papers in America. For those unfamiliar, Chuck Jones was formerly the publicist of Donald Trump's now estranged wife Maria Marples, and whilst Jones was still in Ms Marples' employ, she kept noticing that pairs of shoes kept going missing from her Manhattan apartment.

Now it wasn't as though Donald Trump couldn't afford to buy Marla all the fancy footwear she desired, but thinking it pretty odd nevertheless, he planted a remote-control security camera inside her closet. What it recorded was Jones entering the apartment illegally, then fondling, licking and sniffing Marla's shoes and finally slipping a pair of them into his pocket. When police subsequently raided the press

© Dave Naz - models: Mistress Catherine & Molly Mathews

agent's own apartment, they apparently found fifty of Marla's shoes and seventeen of her boots. The press agent was subsequently charged with unlawful entry and the criminal possession of stolen property. And after the original verdict was quashed on a technicality, the pervy PR man is now looking at an incredible 15 years in chokey. It is said that prior to the case going to court, the District Attorney came up with a deal. If Jones pleaded guilty to a misdemeanour, it was guaranteed he wouldn't go to jail. Things went okay at first but the arrangement came unstuck when the press agent insisted he'd only play ball if he got to keep the stolen shoes. If not, then no deal.
It must be said that the DA's office is the source of this story and the press agent hotly denies it, but there is obviously some kind of collective fantasy going on here, some urban myth about the nature of sexual fetishism. It suggests that a man might be so obsessed with women's shoes that he'd rather go to jail than relinquish the stolen objects of his desire.

A weird story maybe, but Marla Maples' press agent is only one in a long line of foot and shoe fanciers, of both sexes. (Of course, it should be pointed out that a shoe fetishist and a foot lover are not necessarily one and the same, in that the former is turned on by the package, in contrast to the contents.). Film director DW Griffith once organized a contest to find the most beautiful feet in America. The winner is lost to history, but the runner-up was Joan Crawford. Gloria Swanson never traveled without at least a hundred pairs of shoes; Greta Garbo used to buy them, seventy pairs at a time; and recently a pair of Tina Turner's red patent-leather shoes were sold at auction at Phillips with a reserve of five hundred pounds. Imelda Marcos collected shoes while her country burned. And Catherine the Great of Russia had a courtier whose only job was to tickle and fondle her feet. Y**ou don't have to be a fetishist to like high heels, and you don't have to be a pervert to find the human foot fascinating**. As a piece of engineering, the foot is quite spectacular. It has twenty-six bones, nineteen muscles, thirty joints, and the way all these interact, work with and against each other is truly miraculous. Add to that a dense concentration of nerve endings, and you can see that the foot is sure to be highly sensitive to touch, so transforming it into an erogenous zone. And, from a foot-lover's point of view, it becomes a focus of attention and a tantalising sexual icon.

The erotic potential of the foot is acknowledged in most cultures. In the East, women decorate their feet with intricate patterns using henna; elsewhere, they paint their toenails with sexually - provocative red or pink varnish. And ankles are often adorned with bangles, delicate gold chains and sometimes-discreet tattoos. There are even tribes where women would be less ashamed to expose their genitals than their feet, and in certain Eastern countries the penis is known as the third foot. (Oh, and we all know what they say about men with big feet...)

It is possible to think of the foot as sculpture, as architecture. But we know that's not what it's really all about. There's something far more strange and interesting going on than this. We all know that feet and shoes occupy some weird place in the dark recess of the human soul. The question is, why?

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In the late 19th century, Baron von Krafft-Ebing, in his study Psycbopathia Sexualis, suggested that masochism was at the bottom of all this, which is fine for men who slaver at the feet of a stern dominatrix in severe thigh-high boots. But what of the sadistic imagination, stimulated by a helpless female, whose ankles are tightly bound, or her feet confined in cripplingly high-heeled shoes she's unable to walk in? And then there's the lover of feet that are entirely naked - devoid of all fetishistic paraphernalia...

Freud, of course, also has a theory and it's a cracker. He says that the young male child believes that everyone male and female - has a penis, just like him. That sounds fair enough. How would he know any different? But, says Freud, a moment comes when he finally sees a naked woman, and straight away he spots that she doesn't have a penis after all. The little boy is shocked and appalled. Someone seems to have lopped off the woman's penis. So, symbolically, the boy needs to provide her with one, a phallic substitute, a fetish object. In this traumatic moment he looks frantically around him, sees a pair of shoes lying on the floor or sees the woman's naked feet, and thinks that'll do nicely. A fetish is born. This worries me sometimes. Could Freud really mean it? Could he keep a straight face while proposing it? Well, apparently yes. I'm especially worried about the part that says the fetish object has to be something he saw at the same moment as female genitals.

Now my guess is that a fair percentage of men must get their first glimpse of a naked female either in a bedroom or a bathroom. Now okay, shoes may well be lying around in these places; feet may certainly be on display - but you can think of plenty of other objects that might do just as well: loofahs, bath taps, shower heads, bars of soap. But I don't hear of too many soap or loofah fetishists - whereas foot and shoe fetishists seem to be just about everywhere. There's another problem too. Does Freud's theory mean that when a podiaphile kisses a beautiful foot, when he sucks a woman's toes, in his subconscious he's really kissing and sucking a man's penis?

Common sense says not, but then William A Rossi, in his book **The Sex Life of the Foot and Shoe** (a bible for foot and shoe lovers), tells the story of a man who had his wife's big toes tattooed to look like penises. I'm not sure I really buy this one either. I mean, the husband would've had to find some pretty remarkable tattooist to do the job, and what exactly do you do to a toe to make it look like a penis? More to the point, if a man really wants to suck penises why doesn't he just go ahead and suck them. Why complicate the whole matter by involving women's feet?

Modern feminist theorists aren't keen on Freud's explanation either. For them this substitution of the foot and shoe for the penis only asserts that sex is all about penises. They would want to say that they

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could manage without penises or penis substitutes, thank you.

Certainly there was a time when no hardcore feminist would have been seen dead in a pair of high heels, but the game moves on. These days Germaine Greer aside, it's seemingly all right for feminists to wear fuck-me - shoes. The high heel can be seen as a symbol of sexual independence rather than of sexual oppression. This may seem like a paradox, but it's a paradox that high-heeled shoes have always provoked. Yes, spike heels make a woman vulnerable, less able to run away; they lift her bottom and make her wiggle, but they also give her status. They make her high and mighty. They make her look strong, dangerous and commanding. High heels are central to any dominatrix's image - and nobody ever thought of a dominatrix as vulnerable. Of course, some of the sexiest shoes have the effect of causing the wearer some discomfort, even considerable pain, but women have always suffered for the sake of fashion and sex. There's a story that a woman bought a pair of shoes from the shop of the great shoemaker Vivier. They were delicate, stiletto-heeled, beaded and incredibly ornate, and after she'd worn them once they started to fall apart. So she took them back to the shop where an assistant said in alarm, 'But Madame, you've been walking in these shoes!'

But if you think that foot worship and shoe fetishism are strange sexual quirks and that it couldn't possibly happen to you, you should hear what two psychologists, called Rachman and Hodgson, got up to in 1966. They assembled a group of young male heterosexual volunteers and took them into a lecture theatre where they entertained them with a slide show. They were shown slides of naked women along with slides of women's shoes. Then the men were hooked up to equipment that measured their state of arousal. Predictably enough, the boys were turned on by the pictures of women, and not turned on by the pictures of shoes. But the experiment continued for some time. Each week the volunteers would go back, look at more slides of women and shoes, have their arousal measured, and respond the same way. Then came the fateful final session when the volunteers trooped into the lecture theatre, and were surprised to be shown, not the usual combination of women and footwear, but a whole slide show consisting of nothing but women's shoes. Some of the guys were no doubt disappointed, but as the psychologists checked their levels of arousal, they discovered that half-a-dozen of the young men were now every bit as turned on by the pictures of shoes as they had been by the pictures of women. Clean-living lads had been turned into perverts. The psychologists had successfully created their own fetishists. It was a dirty job and nobody really needed to do it, but that's the way it is with science. The boys shouldn't feel bad about it.

There is a sense in which foot-and-shoe fetishism can make life a lot simpler. For a man, it's much easier to find a gorgeous, pliable pair of shoes than it is to find a gorgeous, pliable woman. And there are advantages for women too. With a foot fetishist for a boyfriend, you know that, so long as your feet are sexy and kissable and you wear the right pair of high heels, you're sure to be loved. Some women might not regard it as a great compliment simply to be loved for their feet, much less for their shoes, but why complain? People have been loved for much less. **Some people have never been loved at <u>all.</u>**

Geoff Nicholson's novels include Footsucker, about a foot-and-shoe fetishist, and Flesh Guitar published by Gollancz. Printed with permission.

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Andrew Dunbar

Andrew Dunbar

ANDREW DUNBAR
BIOGRAPHY

Andrew Dunbar's unique photographic style has positioned him as a contemporary master in photography. Dunbar's career began in photojournalism prior to studying in the USA and Australia in the mid eighties. He then moved into the realm of commercial & advertising photography where he has worked extensively for the past 10 years. He has distinguished himself with his fine-art photographs, editorial and advertising assignments and he expressively works within the area of artistic photography.

Since 1996 he has been the recipient of over 40 awards including the prestigious Ilford Trophy, and the 1997 South Australian Advertising Photographer of the Year. In 1998 he was awarded the Australian Editorial Photographer of the Year, The South Australian Fashion/Editorial Photographer of the Year, and the South Australian Professional Photographer of the Year, by the Australian Institute of Professional Photography.

In recent years Dunbar's work has been widely exhibited. Poignant exhibitions include Chiaroscuro, New Body of Art, Windows to the Soul, Body Piercing, **and** The Painted Body. **In the United States his work been exhibited alongside such luminaries as Annie Leibovitz, Man Ray, Greg Gorman, Edward S. Curtis, Diane Arbus, Susan Faludi, Francesco Scavulo and Paul Outerbridge, J r.**

His photography has appeared in over sixty countries through exhibitions, books, magazines, billboards, posters, postcards, motion pictures, television documentaries, and he has given numerous television and radio interviews.

Recently Dunbar completed a book titled Body Piercing **for which he worked with international designer, Dean Lahn,.** Body Piercing **is currently being sold in Australia, New Zealand, Europe, Canada and the United States.**

Andrew Dunbar

Paradise Electro Stimulations

Safety rules for Erotic Electro Stimulation

1.Never apply any electrical stimulation above the waist.

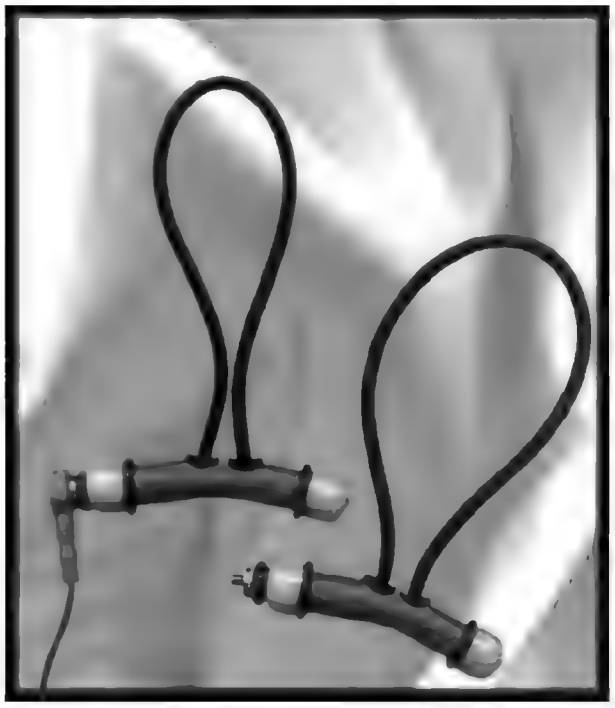
2.Use common sense while using EES i.e. do not use in the bathtub, shower, etc.

3.Turn the Power Box off when moving, re-adjusting, or applying electrodes.

4.Use latex gloves when touching any conductive area of an active electrode.

5.At any one time, there should be only one person attached to the P.E.S. Power Box.

6.A person that is not attached to the Power Box, or any other power source, may touch a person that is connected and will suffer no ill effects. They may receive a small sensation if they touch an active electrode.



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7.Do not use these devices if you have a cardiac pacemaker, or a history of heart problems. Do not use these devices if you are pregnant, prone to epileptic seizures, or if you have a penile prosthesis. Do not use these devices if a fever is present, or if you have external injuries or open wounds, and never use them directly on body piercings. If you have any medical concerns, ask your physician, and do not use these devices if your physician has advised against the use of electrical stimulation.

8.Urethral electrodes should be used by only one person, and never shared, to help eliminate the possibility of infection. Never use the same device for both anal and urethral stimulation.

9.All parts and surfaces of your P.E.S. electro conductive devices should be cleaned and disinfected after each use. We recommend a cleaning solution of 10% bleach and 90% water, with a few drops of mild dishwashing liquid added.

10.P.E.S. products are specifically designed and engineered to work exclusively with P.E.S. technology to optimize the Erotic Electro Stimulation effect, safely and effectively. We recommend against using devices manufactured by others. They may not work the same way. If you decide to experiment, start low and slow, and find out how it works best for you.

11.P.E.S. recommends the use of a proper lubricant with all P.E.S. electrodes. A good lubricant not only lubricates but can also decrease the possibility of hot spots. An electro conductive lubricant, like P.E.S. ElectroLube can also increase effectiveness of P.E.S. Erotic Electro Stimulation devices. Do not use silicone-based lubricants. Silicone is an insulator, and will adversely affect performance and will eventually damage the electrode.

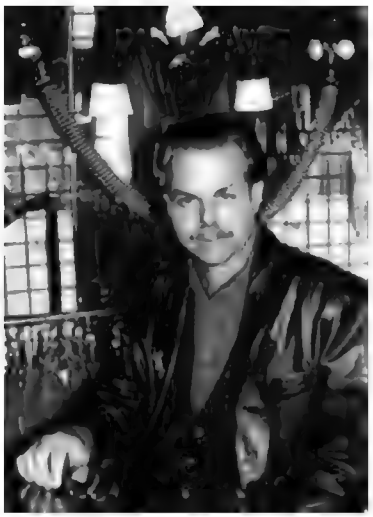
Interview with Dante' Amore

I recently had an extensive interview with Dante' Amore, founder of Paradise Electro Stimulations, Inc. and the father of the Erotic Electro Stimulation industry. The initial questions were concerning the safety factors involved in stimulating human genitalia with electricity, but the interview became a complete course in Erotic Electro Stimulation.

Dante' Amore is a fascinating man. Obviously highly intelligent and dedicated, he is on a mission to change the way we all think of sex and sexual stimulation in the 21st century.

Greyson Stallings: Thank you for consenting to this interview, Mr. Amore. There seems to be a growing interest in P.E.S. (Paradise Electro Stimulations, Inc.) and in the process of Erotic Electro Stimulation. Can you tell me about Paradise Electro Stimulation and what the company does?

Dante' Amore: Well, Greyson, Paradise Electro Stimulation is a company that started about 15 years ago and they have represented my inventions in the Erotic Electro Stimulation area to date. P.E.S. was founded on the principle of amplifying human sexual response through low frequency electrical stimulation. That's what P.E.S was 15 years ago and through those 15 years, it has developed not only it's Erotic Electro Stimulation division, but has branched out into other areas such as "The Studio", a top quality fetish and BDSM accessory boutique in Las Vegas and several other divisions. Some are separate companies. Basically, P.E.S is dedicated to expanding and enhancing human sexuality in one form or another. EES is the flagship division of P.E.S. and their primary research center in the science of human sexuality.



Greyson: Isn't EES normally called electro-sex? Isn't it kind of dangerous playing with electricity like that?
Dante': Everyone has, somehow, gotten an electrical shock. So when we talk about low frequency electro stimulation, or just electro stimulation in general, we have to overcome a lot of negative memory. Electricity is dangerous.

Electro-sex is a general term and is very popular now. It's also misleading. It's misleading because the people that are using the term electro-sex basically do not have a broad understanding of electricity or of the way electricity affects the human body. I am trying to introduce proper vocabulary (see Glossary) because EES is becoming very popular worldwide and distinguishing the vocabulary, such as Erotic Electro Stimulation vs. electro-sex is an important first step in understanding.

Greyson: So, if effect, you have to invent the vocabulary as you develop the science.

Dante': In some respects, yes. The science of electromyography (the science of electric stimulation of human muscle tissue) has been around for over a hundred and fifty years, believe it or not. Now, when you think about it, electricity has only been around for 80 or 90 years... readily accessible AC, that is, but they were using wet cell batteries back then in their experiments in this area. There have been many, many experiments over the centuries in how a living human cell reacts to electricity.

Greyson: You've done a lot of research into this area then?
Dante': I've had to. What I've done is taken a particular part of the body, our erogenous zones and looked closely at how to amplify erotic response with low frequency electrical stimulation.

I want to emphasize there is a big difference between low frequency electro stimulation and high frequency electro stimulation. High frequency electro stimulation is what the Violet Wand creates. This particular apparatus uses high voltage electrical energy that travels on the surface of the skin. Low frequency electro stimulation goes deep within the tissue of the human anatomy. With low frequency stimulation, you have to be much more cautious.

So, we need to clarify what we talk about and it's very confusing. Now, going back to electro-sex, it's all kind of lumped together. Electro-sex is a kind of catchall word for sex with electricity, both low and high frequency, even people hooking themselves up to stereo amplifiers, model train transformers and hand crank generators. These are very dangerous.

Greyson: So safety is a prime requirement in EES?
Dante': Yes. Because it can go deep into the tissues of the body, you know, we keep all P.E.S. apparatuses below the waist. The first rule of safe Erotic Electro Stimulation is no stimulation above the waist. We have an organ in our body, called the human heart, that operates on electrical signals and that's how we function. When somebody comes in and goes through an electrocardiogram, for instance, they look to see if there are any abnormalities in the rhythm of the heart. We all have a basic normal heart

rhythm and if you interrupt that rhythm, it can bring on certain types of arrhythmia, which can be very dangerous.

I don't want to scare your readers or get too complicated, because what we are really talking about here is bringing electro stimulation very close to the heart region and using enough current to create a deviation in the cardiac muscle.

As a matter of fact, the entire human body is operated by naturally occurring electrical impulses. The premise of EES is the merging of artificially induced low frequency electro stimulation impulses with our naturally produced sexual impulses. Our sexual impulses are thereby amplified.

Greyson: Then your devices are basically low amperage devices?
Dante': Very much so.

Greyson: I have seen, out on the market, some toys for electrical "tit play", but that's pretty close to the heart. Are those devices safe?
Dante': Well... no, they aren't. When I was in the Castro area of San Francisco, in 1987, I made some tit play devices for a very close friend. At that time I didn't know better.

Through my experiences working in the medical profession with people, with doctors, I had the privilege of seeing first hand the dangers of electro stimulation above the waist. I was involved with a clinical test group, back east. I won't mention the hospital. We have known for a long time that low frequency electrical stimulation can induce milk production in low lactating women. What we were trying to do back there under a clinical environment was to find a safe way of inducing low frequency stimulation into the breast tissue of a female. All these women had electrocardiograms prior to this test. This test was not with one electrode to the right side and the second electrode to the left side. This was where we isolated one breast and separated the two separate electrodes, what we call bipolar. Both electrodes were within one half to one inch on one breast, so you don't have current running through the chest, from left to right...

Greyson: Just on one breast?
Dante': Yes and it was very surprising that on the test subjects we got an electrical deviation of the cardiac muscle. And thus the experiment stopped.

Now let me interject, under clinical testing, with proper grounding and people knowing what they are doing with electricity, you can safely pass low frequency from one point to the other [in the chest area].

Greyson: But it's not for the average consumer?
Dante': Absolutely not. Let's just put it this way... if the results came in positive on this, the pharmaceutical companies would have jumped on this in a New York second. But they realize the great inherent risk of interfering with the cardiac muscle that way and the project was dropped.

Greyson: So essentially, what you are saying is if someone does have EES above the waste, unless they have ideal circumstances, they are literally taking their life in their hands?
Dante': Absolutely. When I started in this business 15 years ago, we had neuro muscle stimulators and TENS units. All of these low frequency electro stimulation boxes are basically pulse signal generators and they put out the stimulation at various amplitude, various frequencies and at various gate. So when we talk about low frequency stimulation we have to now separate medical appliances from "ready for play" or "made for play" boxes. PES, from the very onset, has not copied the neuro muscle stimulator, nor have we copied the TENS unit.

Greyson: Your Power Box is of a unique design then?
Dante': Absolutely. When I started experimenting in EES, I used quite a few different pulse signal-generating boxes and I just didn't quite get it. And I'm still trying to get it perfect, still researching and I think that's going to be a lifetime project. But the PES box is built to get it and to get it right. I'm on the seventh revision of the PES Power Box, in twelve years.

Greyson: OK, now what are the sensations that one can expect, given that we will be using the devices below the waist?
Dante': Let me ask you a question. Can you describe the taste of chocolate?

Greyson: Ha ha... There is probably a different answer for every person.
Dante: See, it's very hard to describe sensations. In this work that I've done, the years that I've put in, I've not only had to be a researcher, but I've also had to be a benchmark on the level of sensation. If anybody knows the history, the background, of Dante Amore, I'm not only a researcher, but I'm also into the fetish arts. That has helped me tremendously, understanding what SM is all about - tactile stimulation. I've been able, in my playtime with other people, to gauge pain tolerances and arousal, which naturally fluctuate in the human body because of our natural endorphin system. So, I've been able to bench mark pretty well what the sensations should be on the level of stimulating or amplifying sexual response.

Greyson: So does your system make a person's orgasm bigger and better?
Dante: Well, boy, there you go. Yes, I will say this; PES boxes and electrodes do help to increase a person's orgasm capability. Now again, when we start talking about low frequency electro stimulation, we're talking about three precise principles. That is: one, a proper generating source, which we've covered pretty thoroughly here: then, two, we have a delivery source, which is the electrodes; and the third principle is focus, or "tuning in" as I call it. Timothy Leary in the sixties had a saying, "Turn on, tune in and drop out" I have a similar saying. "Turn on, Tune in

and drop into your sexuality". PES electrodes are specially designed to properly focus the stimulation. They are designed to configure properly to the anatomy of the genitalia. By the way, PES holds patents on the majority of these electrodes.

Let's look at the delivery system and it's a complex delivery system. Physiologically, for example, take the male penis. It changes in size, it fluxes and it changes shape during the arousal process. It's not like wrapping an electrode around your little finger. And the labia tissues of the female, when sexually aroused, blood flows in and size, shape and sensitivity change. So these electrodes have to be fairly precise in design, to deliver the electrical signals from the generating source.

Greyson: I've looked over your website www.peselectro.com and I see you have a lot of different devices, specifically for males and females. Does this mean they can have twenty-minute orgasms without any masturbation or any kind of touching at all?
Dante: Yes and no. For years, low frequency electro stimulation has been used in animal husbandry for forced ejaculation, to gather sperm. So when you apply electro stimulation properly with the proper generating source, the proper delivery source and again the third principle, focusing the stimuli, yes, you can achieve ejaculation.

I would like to interject something here. There are really two types of Erotic Electro Stimulation, that is, one type where you can apply the electrodes and manually stimulate the genital areas, where you can use your hand. The second type is called hands free EES, where you don't even touch the organ and by using the proper amplitude, you can achieve orgasm. Just recently I put out a Corona Stimulator, for the male penis, which basically doesn't allow you to manipulate the penis properly for masturbation. That particular electrode is specifically designed for hands free ejaculation.

Both types of EES orgasm have their merits. I would just say, on the level of time to orgasm, that manipulation, in conjunction with electro stimulation, has a shorter time period, than a non-manipulative orgasm. Now don't get me wrong, you might say "Oh my God, hands free ejaculation must be better because it's longer." That's not necessarily true. Some people want to have longer sessions; some people just want a quickie. Why limit yourself to just one form of EES? I enjoy both. Sometimes I don't have time to sit for an hour to build up to a hands free ejaculation, so I'll configure my delivery system properly so I can manipulate myself in conjunction with the EES and bring myself off a lot faster.

Greyson: If someone is not in the mood for sex, but they just want to come quickly, can they just strap the devices on and boom, they're there?
Dante: Well now we are talking about another important aspect of sexuality and that's called the libido. I always sum it up by saying "the biggest sex organ we have in our body is not between our legs, it's on our shoulders". So, in answer to your question, It's a double-edged sword. Sometimes, if you have no libido at all, you can have the best delivery system in the world and it ain't gonna work, brother. And then sometimes, by stimulating the genitals, the libido will fall into place. So, it really depends on how stubborn your libido is at that time.

Greyson: OK, Let's get on to something else. You have electrodes designed for both males and females. Can we hook two people up and let them do their thing together?
Dante: With the current PES box, the answer is no. The PES apparatuses are meant to be used on only one person at a time. Now PES is introducing a new box, where we are exploring the avenue where two people can be hooked up on the same box with different electrodes and be totally isolated from one another where they can both enjoy the electro stimulation.

Greyson: Wow, that sounds pretty exciting.
Dante: When it's done properly, yes. Right now, if someone wanted to use my PES Box, they would have to use two individual boxes and make sure their electrodes were on individual channels on individual boxes.

Greyson: So it can be done as long as each person has his or her own box?
Dante: Yeah and I'll tell you the truth on this level, people do that and I can't stop it, but it's against PES policy. Again, we go back to the basic safety rules, no electricity above the waist. Many people in the fetish and BDSM industry do use the PES box in areas that PES does not condone when they have "electro sex". I was at a party in Chicago a few years ago, where they had a daisy chain together on one of my boxes. I was there and I told them of the hazards, but again we are human beings and we take risks every day to pleasure ourselves.

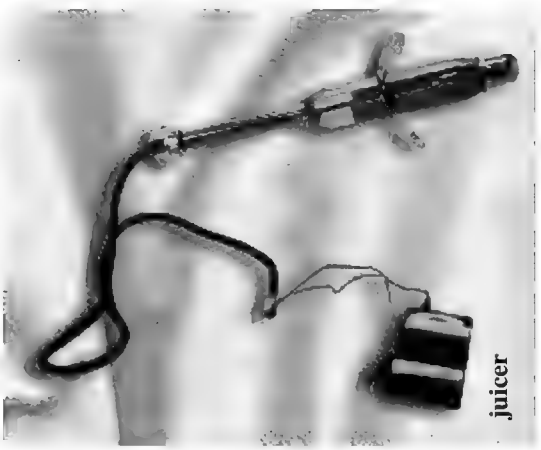
We are pleasure seeking, pain avoiding, binary, problem-solving machinery that always want to be right, i.e. ego. Look at how many smokers are out there, or drinkers, thrill seekers. People will do the most dangerous things for pleasure. But when it comes to safe sex, I have to stay within the guidelines, as a researcher, to protect the general public in this area that doesn't have a governing or regulating body. PES advises against this practice, but people still do it.

The problem here is that I am classified in the adult community and it seems that the adult community... not only the adult community, but business in general... it seems that, for many people in business, money takes precedence, sometimes over safety. It doesn't have to be the adult community. I can give you examples from the automobile industry, to the pharmaceutical industry. But it's kind of sad and I truly think as researchers and doctors, they have a responsibility to weigh that factor and put the facts out responsibly.

Greyson: It would be safe though if one person were hooked up to the power box and for another person to give oral sex, or something along those lines. Would that negatively affect the other person in any way?
Dante: With the PES Box, for example, if you had a cockring on and got a blow job and your partner touched the electrode, with their lips, they can feel the electro stimulation. One of the things about electro stimulation that's quite fascinating, everybody experiences it differently. It's perfectly all right to manipulate another, or go down on them, but use discretion. Don't go licking the electrode.

Greyson: I understand. Now for a different track, just why do you think the PES system is better than others that are out on the market?
Dante: First of all, let's get back to at least two of the three principles. Which part of the system are you asking about, the generating source or the delivery source?

Greyson: Let's talk about both. How about the generating source first.
Dante: OK, First off, of the systems that are out there, if we're talking about TENS, EMS and NMS units, they are designed to perform a very precise task. TENS units are designed to not amplify, but to lessen pain, or actually to block pain. And that's why they invented them. So they work on a totally different theory. It doesn't makes sense, if we are trying to amplify sexual response, to use a TENS unit. TENS units are there to deaden the electrical nerve response or induce an endorphin numbing reaction to that area. The PES unit is designed to amplify the sexual response. As I said, I built that box from the ground up. I didn't copy a TENS or EMS.



With Neuro Muscles Stimulators or NMS to be precise, Neuro Muscle Stimulators are designed basically to interface with the muscular aspects of the body and they are used in areas where the muscles have started to atrophy. Usually that's the case with people suffering from long term paralysis. Their purpose is to stimulate a person's muscles when the nerves can't do it.

Now, there have been other companies that have tried to make "ready for play" boxes. The majority of those companies have taken the PES box and tried to copy our technology. What they usually do is try to combine PES technology with TENS or NMS technology and there are a few of those boxes out on the market. Again, it is very difficult for people to realize what is available with the PES box and has not experienced the PES box. They wire themselves up to a TENS or a box from some other company, a "ready for play" box and they get some sort of pleasure and they think, "WOW, this is it". But the PES Power Box is unique. I have a little story... again, I was overseas and there were several different boxes at a play party. At the end of the night and I guess this is the real test, the box that was being played with the most, was the PES box. So I was very pleased with the scene there. Many have tried to copy it, but there is still no equal in the market place to PES.

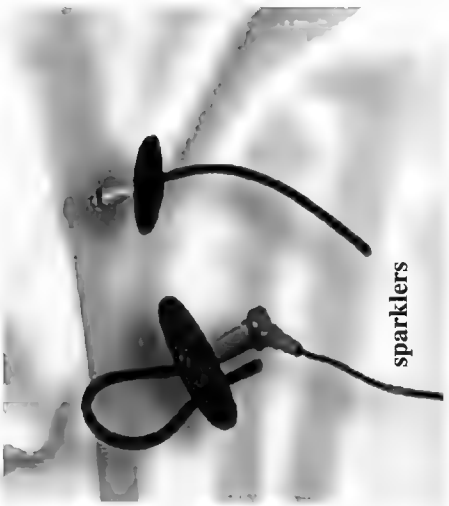
Greyson: That's the Power Box. Now, what is it about your delivery system that makes it a better system?
Dante: When you go out there and look for companies that specialize in electro stimulation, they have either copied, directly, my original design, or have tried to feed off some of my newer designs. These pirates come in and take this technology and copy it very cheaply, not knowing that there are nuances, very, very slight nuances that basically can make that electrode work so much better. I have invented almost all of the genital electrodes in the world. I hold more patents in the world for stimulating living tissue, sexually, than anybody.

Greyson: So there are imitators, but in this case, imitation is not the most sincere form of flattery?
Dante: Absolutely not. I feel that way on one level, as a researcher, I've put in a tremendous amount of hours, days and years to develop the PES delivery system. This is a research facility. PES does a lot of research and puts a horrendous amount of money into its research and that's why we patent our inventions. We patent to protect our research. We patent to make sure the electrodes are specifically made to the design that the inventor intended and not making any shortcuts because it is more economical to manufacture that way. These shortcuts have shortcomings.

When it comes to knockoff PES electrodes, I've seen our so-called competitors in the marketplace with their electrodes. The materials they are using are less costly, but some of it is dangerous. Also the craftsmanship of the electrodes is usually not up to par with PES. PES is in many aspects, the Ferrari of the electro stimulation industry. And I want to keep it that way.

Greyson: Who are the people that actually use your devices? Are they gay, straight, into BDSM, older, younger? Just who are your users?
Dante: You know, when I first introduced this, I introduced it in San Francisco, California, in the Castro area to the gay population and that goes back to 1986. Why I did that is because the gay population is usually more sexually open. In that group there was the leather SM crowd. That was my Petri dish, so I had quite a lot of beta testers available for my benchmark. They picked it up quite fast. There was some electrical stimulation out there, prior to

PES, but very archaic. We're talking cattle prods, we're talking again some very crazy, home made apparatuses. But basically TENS and EMS units, the Relaxacisor and that's a very old muscle stimulator that was put out sometime around the fifties, but there was nothing specifically made for electro play. There were a lot of home made devices, like brass rings with coat hangers soldered on to them, attached with alligator clips. There was a lot of epidermis burning, or hot spots, back then. In answer to your question the SM crowd picked up on it quite fast and I was exposed to these archaic apparatuses that were being sold commercially to the gay SM leather community. As I developed my devices and basically for maybe 4 or 5 years, it was pretty much just the gay SM side. Then Playboy magazine heard about me and started doing some interviews. Once Playboy published their interview, I started getting other people, straight people, people not into the SM side of things.



Greyson: So what percentage of your current customer base, is of the gay SM crowd and what percentages of other types of people do you have?

Dante: After the US and world media got to me, it broke out from the fetish community and now we have every walk of life around the world using PES apparatuses. I mean I have housewives to politicians, every profession, every walk of life and they are definitely not all into the fetish aspect of their sexuality. I would say right now, as a percentage the vanilla sex people using erotic electro stimulation is definitely larger than the fetish and SM people are. Now, I do want to mention that the PES apparatuses are designed to amplify sexual response and enhance sexual pleasure, not to create pain or be used as a torture device, although some people do use it that way.

Greyson: When someone wants to get started in electro stimulation, what devices do you recommend, for both males and females?

Dante: First off, I would naturally recommend the PES Power Box. If you don't have a proper generating source, I don't care what type of electrodes or delivery system you have, you are not going to get the proper EES effect. So first, The PES Power Box. On the male, I suggest an Electro-Flex penile ring. I was the original inventor of the acrylic cock rings. I discontinued those 5 years ago, when I invented the Electro-flex because the Electro-Flex conforms much better to the male anatomy. They are much more comfortable and safer. The Electro-Flex is a surgical grade silicone elastomer than can conform very precisely to the penile shaft, which is very important. Good, solid contact of electrode and skin prevents "hot spots", a slight surface burning to the epidermis. It's very slight but it's like a friction burn on your private parts. In the old days there was a horrendous amount of that going on. And today, there are quite a few people making their own electrodes that eventually come over and buy PES stuff, because they don't like to walk around with friction burns on their dicks.

But back to your question, In addition to the PES Power Box, I would recommend a 5/8" single cock ring at the base of the penis. Basically that focuses on a very large part of the superior dorsal nerve. Second, a testicle tubular electrode that wraps around and lifts and separates the testicles. The PES web site has the specific anatomical configuration drawings and you can go up on the site and literally look at these electrodes.

PES also makes a double conductive penile ring. But I don't recommend that to start with. When you can separate the path of two single electrodes and bring that low frequency stimulation to travel between those two electrodes, you can zero in more precisely on a group of specific nerve bundles. In the human body, when we start talking about electro physiology, there are certain freeways and crossroads. For instance, you heard me mention the superior dorsal nerve. With the 5/8-inch cock ring and the testicle tubular electrode, you're not only hitting that superior dorsal nerve, but also making that contact down to the testicle tubular. So, the electro stimulation is going through a certain group of seminal vessels and the perineal nerve. So, you're triggering quite a lot of erotic sensation in these specific bundle groups. So that's why I recommend single electrodes so you can widen the path and hit a specific group of nerve bundles and amplify your sexual response.

Greyson: I've seen, also on your site, the Prostate stimulator. Would that be beneficial for someone just getting started in this?

Dante: So far I've only mentioned the genital electrodes, but PES also manufactures a number of anal electrodes. In certain parts of the world anal activity is taboo and in other parts of the world anal activity is accepted. So, if you are anally active and depending on how active you are, PES has various anal electrodes that can dilate the sphincter muscle and sit within the rectum area. These devices stimulate, on the male side, not only the sphincter, but also the prostate and the erectile tissues surrounding the prostate. The prostate stimulator you mentioned, is a very precise electrode that I brought out about a year and a half ago that focuses the electro stimulation precisely in the area of the prostate. It is flexible, targeted, correctly measured and anatomically correct. It has a memory bend wire inside the flexible shaft so it can be placed precisely to press against the prostate and deliver the erotic electro stimulation.

Greyson: Now for your female customers, what would be a good starter set for a female, other than the PES Box?

Dante: While we are on the subject of the back end, we all know females do not have prostates, but they do have sphincter muscles in the anal area. The sphincter muscle is a very erotic area in both sexes. It's an androgynous erotic area. So depending on how anally active the female is, we have a variety of plugs that apply stimuli to the sphincter area. Both our acrylic and Electro-Flex anal plugs come in sizes from 1' x 4" to 1.75" x 6" in single or double electrode designs. I would also highly recommend the

vaginal plug, which is a double electrode. I would much prefer to use the word double electrode or single electrode versus bipolar or unipolar. It just gets confusing. Its much easier for the general public to understand a single electrode and it takes two single electrodes to make a circuit, If you have a double electrode, you just need the one electrode. The vaginal plug is a double electrode and that means it has two conductive paths that are separated and that is where the stimuli is focused. So if the female likes penetration, I recommend the vaginal plug.

Many females prefer stimulation in the clitoral area, which is why I invented the Little Big Man, or LBM. The LBM is a device that can either be put in the vaginal region or can be configured into the clitoral port of the platform. It's a stationary device, not a penetrating device. When secured in the clitoral port, it basically sits on top of the clitoris and provides stimulation around the clitoral hood, not directly on the clitoris, but around the clitoral area. But In my opinion the vaginal plug is a very good starter. If they are anally active, they can just take one of the leads off the vaginal plug and hook it up to the anal plug and then they can enjoy stimulation between the vaginal area and the sphincter region.

Greyson: Where do you think EES will be in the future? What new devices and techniques do you see in the future?
Dante: Obviously, our devices will become better. We have almost a dozen new devices in various stages of research, design and testing. The Internet will probably become more of a sexual playground than it already is. Yes, Erotic Electro Stimulation will be used as entertainment, or remote controlled stimulation, even virtual reality, perhaps in special types of chat rooms, or special sites on the Internet. There are people trying to market the beginnings of this, trying to do all kinds of things on that level.

But I didn't design electro stimulation to isolate sexuality. Sexuality can be a celebration of love or it can be an animalistic urge. PES is not trying to isolate human sexuality, but to amplify it. Is PES going to take an active part in that sort of on-line isolation? I'm not sure. I believe in the experiences of my clients. I have couples come in to The Studio and they are all smiles... I've made their sex life better. To take the touch out of it, or isolating the two people, I just have a slightly negative feeling about that. So I would like to try to keep the two people together. I like it one on one.

Greyson: Are there any other erotic electro stimulation safety tips you can offer our readers?
Dante: I don't want to scare your readers. What I'm doing here is pointing out the potential dangers of low frequency electro stimulation above the waist. I've been selling, for 15 years worldwide and no one has ever gotten hurt on my systems. I wouldn't be in business this long if they had. Safety is common sense, on one hand and human beings lack that at times, particularly when they are sexually aroused. For example, you don't want to take a power box into the bathtub or shower. Common sense must always be applied when you are using electro stimulation.

Greyson: Common sense and knowledge too. I think your web site www.peselectro.com is the most informative site I've seen in this area.
Dante: I still need to do a lot of work on that. There are so many different configurations and it's so difficult to explain these configurations in the written word. In the near future we are going to have video clips on the site where people can visually see what is going on and pick up the knowledge they need to use the system properly. That's the wonderful thing about the Internet today. The new broadband access is speeding up the ability of people to access more and more precise, information. Access to video files will enable people to learn what they need to know, quickly and efficiently.

Greyson: I want to thank you very much, Mr. Amore for taking the time today for this interview. Do you have any final words for our readers?
Dante: Play safe and sane. And PES policy basically is: We hold no bias in human sexuality. I don't care if you are straight, gay, bi or pansexual, as long as you have two consenting adults and they play safe and sane and no children are involved, then we should just rock and roll. Thank you, brother!

Based on what I have learned before and during this interview, I took the plunge and bought a P. E. S. Power Box, the new Corona "Cockhead" Stimulator, A Testicle Tubular Electrode, A Penile Ring, and the P.E.S. Prostate Stimulator. Let me tell you, folks. This is an amazing invention. Thank you Mr. Amore.

Erotic Electro Stimulation Terms

"Made for play"	A power source manufactured specifically for EES.
"Ready for play"	See "Made for play".
Amperage	The strength of an electrical current measured in amperes (amp).
Ampere	Standard international measurement of electrical current.
Amplitude	Maximum deviation of an electrical current from it's average value.
Arrhythmia	Any variation or deviation from the normal rhythm of the heart beat.
Bipolar electrode	(see Double electrode)
Current	The movement or flow of electrical charge, measured in amperes.
Delivery source	Electrode that delivers the electrical charge to the target area tissues.
Double electrode	An electrode with two conductive areas.
EES	Erotic Electro Stimulation
Electrocardiogram	A recording of the electrical activity of the heart on a moving strip of paper. The electrocardiogram detects and records the electrical potential of the heart during contraction.
Electrode	A conductor through which an electric current is applied to human tissue.
Electromyography	EMG - A test which measures muscle response to electrical nerve stimulation. Used to evaluate muscle weakness and to determine if the weakness is related to the muscles or a problem with the nerves that supply the muscles.
EMS	Electro Muscle Stimulator
Focus	Third principle of EES, focusing the stimulation of specific nerve bundles.
Frequency	Rate at which individual electrical pulses are generated.
Generating source	First Principle of EES, A power source that creates electrical current, usually controlling power level, pulse rate, and frequency.
High frequency electrical stimulation	Electrical pulses in the frequency range between 3 and 30 megahertz.
Hot spot	An area of epidermal burning, typically when an electrode does not have full contact with the skin.
Isolated	A separate circuit, complete within itself, alone.
Libido	Sexual desire, sexual energy or drive.
Low frequency electrical stimulation	Electrical pulses in the frequency range between 30 and 300 kilohertz.
Nerve Bundles	Peripheral nerves - bundles of single nerve fibers. They are the highways through which sensory inputs are sent to the brain, and motor commands are returned.
Nerve Plexus	Much like the electrical junction box in a house, a nerve plexus is a network of interwoven nerves. The lumbar plexus provides motor input to the back, abdomen, groin, thigh, knee, and leg; and the sacral plexus, to the pelvis, buttocks, genitalia, thigh, leg, and foot. Because the lumbar and sacral plexuses are interconnected, they are sometimes referred to as the lumbosacral plexus.
Neuro muscle stimulators	NMS, a device to electrically stimulate both nerves and muscle tissues.
Non-isolated	When two channels are powered by the same source, they have a common ground. A non-isolated electrode can work with other electrodes on the other channel to complete it's own circuit. Allows a three electrode configuration.
Pulse signal generators	A device that generates electrical current with momentary, sudden fluctuations (pulses).
Seminal vesicles	Two structures about 5 cm long that are located behind the bladder and above the prostate gland. The seminal vesicles contribute fluid to the ejaculate.
Single electrode	An electrode with one conductive area, either positive or negative, and needing a second electrode to complete the electrical circuit.
Sphincter muscles	A ring of muscle that contracts to close the anus.
TENS	Transcutaneous Electrical Nerve Stimulation functions to interfere with the transmission of pain signals to the brain (Melzack and Wall's gate theory).

Lee Higgs

"Photography for me is an act of love, and an act of subversion"

Lee Higgs was influenced by the Beat writers such as William S Burroughs and Jack Kerouc. He has the ability to subject his models and scenes to a surrealistic transformation through certain angles of the camera. These pictures, taken from the excellent book, FETISH GENERATION, is published by Goliath. This is probably the second time that I would have wished that some part of SECRET was in colour, as they are much better, more striking than B/W, and that's a compliment.....

contact him at: lee@leehiggs.com
www.KinkyMachine.com

Bed, breakfast & bondage

The shaft of harsh light hit Anthony Snell's eyes just as he had finally made himself comfortable in the hard bed. 'Not another interruption!" he cursed. Since arriving at the 'Seaview" hotel it seemed like someone was going out of their way to make Snell's life hell. First there was that idiot who rammed into the back of his car, forcing him to stay the night in this dump, then the stupid fool who poured soup over his trousers at that awful dinner. What else could go wrong?

Sighing, he forced himself out of bed. The floor was cold of course, the central heating was not working in this room. Of course Snell was without his pyjamas, not having expected to stay in this fleapit overnight. The tall, gaunt man skipped lightly over to the hole in the wall that was letting in the light. He should have guessed that there were holes in the wall, the whole building seemed to be crumbling around them. Silently he cursed his boss at the tourist board who had sent him on this useless tour of local hotels. The light was streaming through quite a large crack by one of the connecting doors. Snell searched for something to plug the gap and eventually found one of his discarded socks. However as he held the sock up to the gap Snell caught sight of something that, would change his life forever.

His room backed on to a bathroom, and at that moment a young nubile woman was in there pulling up her skirt in a very agitated manner. The twenty-five year old inspector knew that he should just plug the hole and leave the girl to her own business, but he was suddenly struck by an overwhelming passion. He had never seen a woman on the toilet before; well, when he was a very young boy he had disturbed his Nanny and had been severely punished for his indiscretion. But now ... the girl would not be able to see him, and even if she were suspicious her exaggerated movements pulling down her tights and panties indicated that she would not be able to stop her natural movements.

In fact before the girl sat down Snell was certain that he could see a golden tear trickle down her thigh. As she relaxed on the seat and released her abdomen muscles a torrent of water hit the toilet bowl. Snell was in a prime sight to see a dark stain that was still spreading across her pretty floral panties. The girl had an expression of near ecstasy on her fresh face as the stream of urine thundered on and on. Snell recognised her, of course. Her name was Melanie Smalls and she seemed to be the only worker in the "Seaview." The inspector had first noticed her while examining the rooms, where the girl had been on her hands and feet on the floor, her floral panties proudly on show as her skirt was hitched up to her waist. Then she crawled around to face him, her unbuttoned blouse showing her pert bust to perfection. Of course Snell pretended to ignore the girl then, praying that his erection was not too noticeable.

Melanie worked for the proprietor, a woman known as "Nanny" Thaker although according to the tourist board files the hotel was registered in the name of Lord Rutland, a prominent local businessman. Melanie worked as chambermaid, cook and barkeeper while Nanny looked after the paperwork and tended to the reception desk. Nanny was a striking figure at her post, leaning over the desk with her 48-inch chest perched on the counter. Snell guessed that the woman was almost the same age as her bust size, but she was still attractive, if plump. Just entering his thirtieth year Snell could see how some men found older women attractive, although he only dated young girls from good backgrounds, who could not be expected to surrender their precious gifts casually. As a result Snell's only long-term relationship was with his right hand. But Nanny did remind him of the governess who looked after him as a child, although of course his Nanny did not wear

low cut tops and second skin leather trousers. However behind her genial smile and inviting body the woman had a heart of stone.

Snell's inspection had not gone well. He had found that few improvements had been made to the hotel since the mid-sixties, and a lot of what had been done made no sense. For example, the so-called gym in the basement was no more than a series of wooden blocks and wall bars. However Nanny had just laughed and said her residents liked it that way.

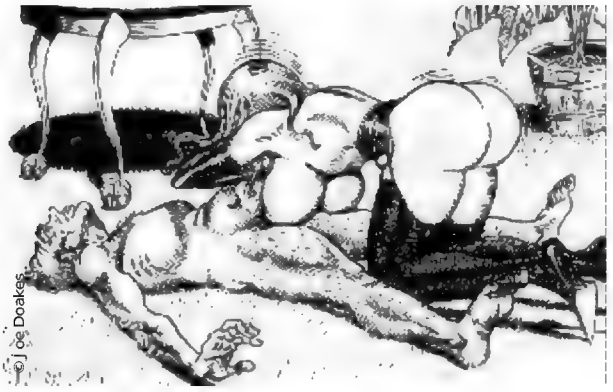
Also, the service was abysmal. With Melanie the only working member of staff most of the guests had to do their own cooking and cleaning! When he reproached Nanny about this he was given a mouthful of foul language that shocked and scared Snell. How could such a benevolent looking woman be so crude?

Snell made up his mind that minute to rush back to the office and make a report recommending that the Seaview be closed down. However at that moment an old gent rushed into reception in a state of shock, having just driven into the inspector's old Volvo. The old man was in such a state that Nanny had to take him up to her own room to comfort him, and when he emerged several hours later the colour had come back into his cheeks.

However it was late then and Snell was unable to get alternative transport home. "I suppose you'd better stay the night, then." Nanny was able to inject a sneer into even the simplest statements. Melanie had served the evening meal of cold chicken and lukewarm potatoes wearing a blouse that was almost open to the navel. "Nice dumplings." Snell had read the line once in a pornographic magazine and had been waiting to try it for years. However the innocent young girl misunderstood.
"I'm sorry, Sir." Her voice was light and giggly.
"But they're potatoes."
Snell mumbled an apology, as his face grew red. While he was desperately thinking of something else clever to say the girl dropped a potato from her serving dish. As he turned to speak Snell found himself addressing the girl's sensuous backside. For a moment he just stopped breathing as the luscious bottom hung mere inches from his dry mouth. Not that he was the only one who had noticed. The gentleman to Snell's right was so preoccupied that he elbowed a bowl of hot soup onto Snell's enlarged penis.

The inspector yelped and rammed his face into the girl's bottom and of course she screamed too.
"Mr. Snell!" screamed Nanny's voice from the door. "What do you think you are doing?" Melanie had ended up on the floor; legs spread wide with the inspector's head still wedged between them. It took a while for the full story to come out and although injured he could not help but feel guilty.

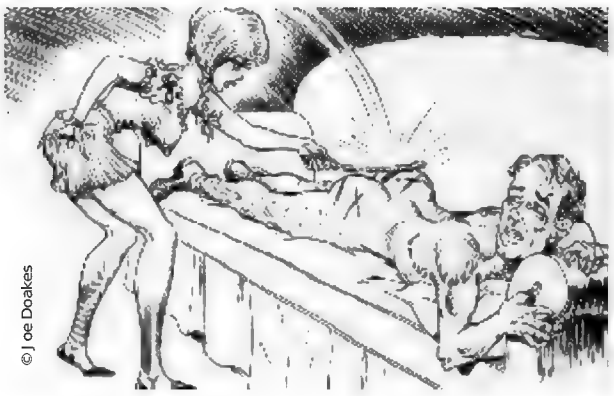
"Let's get those trousers off you!" Nanny almost ordered, and although in the dining room of the hotel, Snell almost obeyed. The woman crowded him, overpowering the thirty-year-old with an intoxicating smell. His face was crowded near Nanny's warm bosom and it seemed to call to him. Nanny had undone his zip and seemed to be trying to do the button from the inside before Snell was able to break away. If he hadn't then she would certainly have been able to feel his huge erection. He rushed to his bedroom and showered in a hurry. Despite the burning pain his erection had never been so rampant. It took only a few soapy tugs before sending a stream of spunk across the wallpaper. And the image he had fixed on as he shot was that of Nanny's hand on his cock. While he had been preoccupied Melanie had finished her business. She tore a strip of toilet paper and dabbed her wet pussy, opening



her legs to give Snell an unrestricted view of the young, pink lips. He cursed under his breath. While he had been thinking of that horrible old dragon he should have been masturbating over this beautiful young creature.

His small penis quivered in the cold air. If he was quick maybe he could finish with the girl still in the room. He grabbed at the organ with excitement and started to pump his fist up and down. However Melanie was in no hurry

even to stand from the seat. She took off her black high-heeled shoes and slowly rolled down her tights and panties. Only then did the girl stand and shuffle off her silken underskirt and kick it to the floor. Snell fought hard to control his breathing and loosened the grip on his prick. Next the girl with the long blonde hair pulled her blouse from her skirt, unbuttoned it and slid it from her delicate shoulders. Beneath this her small but well formed breasts were clad in the latest style of glossy bra, but that was removed before the desperate man could take in its feminine beauty. Finally Melanie unhooked the one button that held her wraparound suede miniskirt together and she was revealed in all her glory. The girl had the well-



tanned and well-defined body of an athlete. Her thighs and arm were supple and powerful looking; she could have graced the pages of any of the glossy magazines that Snell had stuffed under his mattress.

Suddenly Melanie was finished and walked from the room, totally naked. And did Snell imagine it, or had she winked at him as she passed the hole in the wall?

He was still stroking his small erection as the door closed behind the girl. She had left the light on and her discarded clothes behind. Snell began to think that he could at last get something good out of this wretched hotel. The girl wouldn't miss her clothes for a while at least, and it would be the first time he had been this close to a woman's underwear without having to pay first. All the rooms in the hotel had been altered so that each one interconnected, so Snell was able to enter the bathroom without being seen. Quickly he scooped up the silver underskirt, the warm ebony bra and finally the wet panties and tights and ran from the room. Clutching the bundle in long arms Snell made sure that both the connecting doors and the main door were locked. At least Nanny had given him a key for the doors. The thin man sat on the bed, his heart pounding. What should he use first? Slowly he ran the silky underskirt over his penis and cupped his balls in the soft material. Delicately he lifted the bra to his mouth and licked the inside of the cups, pretending he could even feel the texture of Melanie's nipples. His pelvis ground itself into the slip and Snell squeezed his legs together and forced his balls between them. The slip was wound so tightly around his cock that it looked like a silver foreskin. Then Snell lifted the warm bundle of tights and pants. The gusset was exposed, showing the still wet patch. Snell folded the garment so the gusset was outward and moved it slowly to his dry lips. His tongue reached out eagerly to kiss the young girl's piss.

"Mr. Snell!" There was an unsubtle knocking at the door. It was Nanny. "I've come to see if you're all right." The handle began to turn, but surely he had locked it? Hurriedly he stuffed the bra and kickers under the bed, but the underskirt was so tightly wrapped around his dick that it would be painful to rip off. Snell leapt under the covers as the door was flung open.

Nanny was framed by a halo of light. "I just had to apologise for my behaviour today." She was now dressed in a silk kimono, but she was still wearing stiletto shoes and her legs were enclosed in black nylon. The huge woman wandered over and sat on the edge of Snell's bed. "I've really made your stay here very unpleasant, haven't I?"

The young man was very quiet, as he had been taught to be by the stern governess who had brought him up. However he had stiffened up with the threat of discovery, and also with the nearness of such a dominating person. "I never let my guests go to sleep with anything worrying them," she said, slipping her arm around Snell's shoulders and rubbing his neck in a sensual massage. "If there is anything I can do to make you feel more comfortable, don't be shy." She spoke simply, as if to a child. "I'll do anything I can to make my boys feel good." Nanny laughed and moved hugged him closer. Her left breast was now warming Snell's arm. "I like to think of my guests as my boys, that's why people call me Nanny, you know."

The mature woman accentuated her upper class accent by flicking her tongue at the end of each sentence, and moving her mouth closer and closer to the inspector's innocent ear. "My boy's come to me with all their little problems. Like if they've done, something wrong and need to be disciplined, or they've been doing dirty things with their little things." The fold of Nanny's kimono was widening and Snell could not take his eyes off the huge mounds, cupped in black lace. "Now, after they apologise and take their punishment, I might give them a treat so they never think of doing that naughty thing again." She sighed and her deep breasts heaved triumphantly. "Sometimes I think the boys deliberately misbehave just so they can have a treat. But I know you wouldn't think of doing such a thing, Anthony."

Snell was mesmerised, as the woman's breasts seemed to move with a life of their own. "No, Mrs. Thaker." He stammered. He was thinking of how nice Nanny's breasts would feel rammed up to his mouth.
"No Nanny," Nanny rebuffed as she gripped Snell's shoulders in a vice like grip. "You have to have respect for your Nanny, you know that."
Snell apologised. "Very well," she continued sternly, "I won't reprimand you this time, but please be careful." Her fingers drifted down Snell's chest, exciting his nipples. "I wouldn't like to punish you tonight as you've been such a good boy all day."
Snell was thinking back to all the events of the day. Had Nanny been testing him? If so he had obviously passed. "I have been a good boy, haven't I, Nanny?" If he played along maybe the huge breasted woman would let him shag her. If so, it would be Snell's first sex this year.

The redhead held him to her chest and nodded. "Although I did think you were up to naughtiness with that bad girl Melanie." Snell fell deeper into the soft breasts; he would

have done anything to stay there. "She is such a naughty girl that Melanie. Sometimes she takes advantage of my boys in very rude ways. She even takes their willie's in her mouth, isn't that disgusting?'
The man was hoping that Nanny would take his willie in her mouth, but either way the thought was exciting. "She is a naughty girl, Nanny," he agreed.
"I think I shall have to punish her, don't you?" She squeezed the trembling man tight and put his arm around her large waist. "I would ask you to punish her, but I don't want to soil your hands on the dirty thing."
Snell was thinking of having Melanie lying before him in just her underclothes, beaten and in tears while a naked Nanny serviced his rampant cock. "I would punish her for you, Nanny. I'd do anything for you," he pleaded.
"You are Nanny's little man, aren't you?" She was rubbing his stomach now, and Snell's erection was almost bursting in the underskirt.

Suddenly Nanny whipped away the bedsheet; exposing Melanie's soiled underwear and Snell's satin clad dick. "Or are you a girl?" she roared.
Nanny shot up, her kimono slipping from her in the movement. Beneath she was wearing a very tightly laced basque, black silk panties and stockings. Her waist was now almost half its normal size, and the woman's breasts were pushed up high and proud.
"You disgraceful little worm!" Nanny cried and grabbed Snell's cock in a fist of steel. "You've stolen this underwear from that little tart, haven't you?"
There was no point in trying to deny it. "I'm sorry," he sobbed and Nanny slapped him.
"I'm sorry, Nanny!" She squeezed the blood from Snell's erection.
"I'm sorry, Nanny!" came the agonised reply. The huge woman snorted fire.
"Well, you'll just have to pay for all this, won't you?" Snell immediately thought that he would give the hotel his best recommendation, and then Nanny would be pleased with him again. But it was not to be so simple. "Melanie!" she cried and almost immediately the room door opened. At first Snell thought that the girl had brought a dog into the room with her, but he was wrong again. Naked and on all fours was the man who had spilled soup into Snell's lap, a clerical looking man who had introduced himself as Mr. Heller. He was wearing a dog collar and a chain that went through his legs to a small leather pouch that encompassed his scrotum. When Melanie jerked on the chain, it was Heller's balls that were shaken.

The girl herself was no longer wearing fashionably sexy clothes, and gone too was the fresh faced look of innocence. Instead Melanie was wearing gleaming black thigh length boots. Her pert breasts were circled by hoops of leather, which ran down her flat stomach and disappeared between her legs with a force that spread her cunt lips. The strap was completely covered by the girl's beautiful arse cheeks, which were peach shaped and perfect. Her long hair was now wild and untamed. Suddenly the girl looked very, very dangerous. Especially if you had just been discovered stealing her underwear.

"Look at the little girl!" Melanie jeered. Her once sweet voice now filled with bile. "I wonder why they're born with cocks, they never know what to do with them."
Nanny knelt on the bed and straddled Snell's chest. "I'm afraid I'm going to have to punish you, little boy. And I will have to be harsh, because you have disappointed your Nanny." She sat with her full force on the thin man's chest.
Melanie tied the end of Heller's leash around the bedstead. "You're not having all the fun, Nanny." She sounded upset Eke a little girl not getting her own way. "After all, it was my knickers he was wanking into!"
The older woman sighed. "I wish you wouldn't use such language." She looked mournfully at Snell. "I'm going to have to cover his ears so he doesn't bear any more." So saying she fell on top-of Snell, her massive tits smothering his face. At first the inspector thought he was in heaven. His head was completely enclosed in Nanny's pulpy warmth. "There, there," she cooed. "It'll soon be better, just take your punishment like a little soldier." But Snell quickly realised that this was not merely some foolish foreplay, but that the woman had all of her considerable weight forcing down on him. Soon he found it hard to breathe in the hot sweaty air. And worse yet, he could feel someone pulling at his legs.

Melanie was giggling like a mad schoolgirl as she pulled her own tights and panties onto Snell's legs. "Let's see the little girlie!" she said. "We'll make him up and he'll be

ours to play with!" she told Heller who wisely remained silent. On the bed Nanny's bottom was stretched wide over the poor welp's stomach. Although he didn't realise it, Snell's agonising erection was only inches away from the woman's crotch, protected only by a thin piece of satin. And the more Nanny writhed with pleasure, the closer their sex organs became. Nanny had put her arms around Snell's head and was pressing it even harder into her chest. The man felt like his nose would snap against the older woman's breastbone. For a while he had tried to hold his breath, but 'Nanny had started writhing about on top of him. The breath and all resistance were forced out of him by the woman's weight. How could something so pleasurable be so cruel, he thought as his erection threatened to burst on its own. "Look!" squealed the mad Melanie. "His little Willie is trying to talk to us!" She perched herself over Snell's prick almost close enough to taste it. She watched for a few seconds before slapping it with the back of her hand. "Silly little prick!" The girl laughed and slammed it again. However the erection didn't go away, in fact it became stronger than before.

Just as the young hotel inspector thought he was about to pass out, Nanny sat up and released his glowing face.
Her face was red too, and her tremendous breasts were even more swollen than before. They were now free of the basque and swung firm and free, almost blocking Snell's complete field of view. She edged back down his honey ribs, her burning inner thighs running down his side. Slowly the woman rested herself on Snell's pelvis, over his strained penis. Nanny sat heavily, almost squashing the man's tiny member. She was breathing deeply, and Snell could feel the woman's crotch blazing through both his and her underwear. The woman's sex was on fire!

She began gently rocking herself on Snell's penis, while at the same time playing with her hardened nipples. "You're still a naughty boy," Nanny scorned. "And I should punish you more." Her large frame leaned over, dangling her orbs of joy over Snell's face. He was still breathless from suffocation and didn't think he could take any more punishment. "Can you tell me why I shouldn't punish you again?" Snell thought fast. Not only was he afraid of being smothered again, but he realised that he desperately wanted to please Nanny in any way possible. How different from his feeling of just a few hours ago!

"I'll do anything for you, Nanny!" He meant it, too. He could see now why guests at the Seaview were more than happy to do their own work. Snell believed he would take part any menial or depraved task to keep Nanny's favour. "I love you, Nanny!" The woman brushed Snell's long hair gently from his face. "I know you do, little Anthony!" She lifted his head from the bed as Melanie wrapped the bra around the man's pigeon chest. "Nanny!" he complained. "Shhh!! Nanny comforted. "We're going to dress you up as a good little girl, not a nasty girl like that horrible Melanie!" Nanny unsaddled herself and lay on the bed beside him. "She never does anything to please her Nanny!" She let her hands drift between her large white thighs. Her panties had a tummy-flattening panel that she caressed and elasticised legs, but between those Snell could spot tantalising wisps of wiry red hair.

The girl was forcing the hooks of the bra together on Snell's back. It was far too small and the straps and sides were slicing into his flesh, but Snell would not complain. He concentrated instead on the fire in his groin. Melanie had collected her other clothes from the bathroom and found that Snell needed no promoting to put on the blouse. "Big girl!" she taunted, plunging plunging her hand down the man's cleavage. She giggled. "Feel his nipples, they're all hot and hard!"

The now feminine figure on the bed ignored her as he wrapped the skirt around his waist. He was doing this for Nanny, not this young tart! No wonder he was still a virgin, wasting his time with giggly little girls when really he wanted a real woman like Nanny to take him in hand.
"Very good, Anthony," The object of his desire was pleased. "Now try on these shoes." She offered her own legs to him and he reverently unbuckled the patent leather stilettos. Hesitantly he stood erect, wobbling on the five-inch heels. "There's still something missing!" Melanie walked around the transformed Snell. He caught sight of himself in the dressing table mirror and was both shocked and pleased with the sight. Apart from the bulge in the miniskirt, he made a passable figure of a woman. And was it his imagination, or was his cock throbbing stronger than ever in his floral panties? "I know! I know!" Melanie leapt up and down excitedly, her leather framed breasts bouncing invitingly she ran to the dressing table. From there she returned with a lipstick, a compact and two pink hair scrunchies. Snell resisted at first, until he saw Nanny spread her legs wide and had dipped a finger between the elasticised leg of her panties. Melanie dusted the

man's face with powder and then smeared his lips with vivid pink gloss. Finally his long brown hair was gathered into two bunches and Snell was presented to his new self in the mirror.

"He's got a nice arse, Nanny!" Melanie lifted Snell's flimsy skirt and cupped his buttocks. "I bet he loves being spanked!" Snell tried to push her away but she wrapped her arms around him and cupped his false breasts. "Nice dumplings, darling!" she mocked him. "Leave him alone!" ordered Nanny. Melanie sulked. "But he did it to me first!" she complained. "He wanted to do naughties with me all day, Nanny! I could tell" she giggled. "He's been looking at me all day, at my dirty bits. And he tried to sniff my front bottom! I could see his willie grow hard. He wanted to fuck me!" The girl sang as she reached under Snell's skirt and gripped his still throbbing penis, plunging her nails through the thin fabric of her own underwear. "And he stole my knickers!" she cried.

Nanny's probing fingers halted. "Yes, you did, you naughty boy." She motioned for Snell to lie beside her on the bed. "Now why did you do that?" Her voice was stern as she waggled a pussy soaked finger at the man/woman admonishingly. He hung his head in shame. "Let me have him, Nanny! It was my pants he stole, let me use him for a while!" Melanie was complaining like a spoilt child. "I never get to play with anyone new." She kicked Heller as if to prove the point. "Now, girl," Nanny warned. "I'll let you have your fun later. But remember," she caught Melanie with stern green eyes, "Nanny comes first!"

The young girl sat on Heller's back and kicked him like you would a horse.

"Now, young Anthony, you haven't answered my question. Why did you steal that dirty little girl's undies when you could have enjoyed mine?" Snell could hardly believe his ears. "Do you want to taste my panties?" He could hardly talk. "Would you, little boy?" Nanny teased. "Would you like to, have your favourite Nanny's flimsy little underthings pressed against your mouth? And would you be a good little boy and know what Nanny expects you to do with your mouth there, pressed against Nanny's pussy?"

The "little boy" knew, all right. He had known since he was seven years old and had accidentally walked in on his governess while she had been on the toilet. Watching that matronly figure with her thick cotton pants around her knees had fuelled Snell's first erection, and many wet dreams. But in his dreams he did not meekly turn away, but instead knelt at his governess' knees and spread her legs, putting his tongue to the gushing stream and lapping like a dog. "Please, Nanny!" Snell gasped at last.

The woman sat up straight. "What a nice, pleasant little boy," she smiled. Then she slammed herself over Snell's face. All Snell could see was an angry red slit descend on him and caught a gasp of heavenly womanly perfume. Then there was darkness as Nanny's large bottom enveloped him. For a second be panicked, being suffocated for a second time. But then he remembered his promise to Nanny, and he knew he had to do his best to please her. His tongue sneaked out and found only damp satin. It flicked from side to side and was eventually rewarded with the taste of wet flesh. A few more seconds later he found a knob of hard flesh and sucked at it eagerly.

"Good boy," Nanny urged sweetly. "Flush the tongue right up my cunt!"

Snell did as he was bid, and was rewarded by Nanny locking his head in a vice like grip. "Keep licking, little boy. Lick out your Nanny's cunt and you'll make her come!" she yelled. "You've deserved a little treat!" Nanny's voice was thick with passion. "Melanie!" she roared hoarsely. Snell wondered what was going to happen. In the last few minutes he had gone from wanting to take Melanie's obviously false innocence with his dick, to being petrified of the pretty teenager. And Snell was defenceless now and completely at Melanie's mercy. His body tensed for another blow, but instead he felt a pair of soft lips enclosing the sensitive head of his prick. They encompassed the tip, and a practised tongue explored his split lip. Then the mouth sucked and his sensitive five-inch dick was drawn into the mouth. Snell was already on the verge of ejaculation but the mouth kept him on the edge, gobbling at him as he tickled the back of his partner's throat. Nanny began riding herself up and down on Snell's tongue. The taste of her sex was already exciting him, but the thought of young Melanie's tender red lips over his own sex was making his heart thunder. Nanny began to literally bounce on his head, but Snell was consumed by sex, his only regret that it wasn't Nanny's mouth wrapped around his prick.

Nanny's huge frame crashed on to him one last time, and Snell could feel her sweet love pour into his eager mouth. "Good little, boy!" the woman moaned as she climbed off

him again. "But I may have to punish you again!" Snell could feel his prick being lifted away as Melanie's head was furiously pumping at his bursting cock. He exploded just as Nanny slid wetly off his face. Snell lifted his head eagerly to catch the sight of the blonde girl with his come leaking from her luscious lips. Except..... The face that greeted him wasn't Melanie; it was Heller whose mouth was full of Snell's cock. The blonde girl was seated on Heller's back laughing. "Look at the boys, Nanny!" She pointed at Snell's still spurting penis. "Little girl's soiled his panties! And Mr. Heller's been doing naughty things to the little girl."

Nanny pulled the two men's heads together. "You've both been very naughty boys." She pulled their cars. "You should know better, Mr. Heller!" She slapped him loudly across the face. "If you enjoy doing nasty things to little girls, then we have to teach you that little girls can do nasty things to bad little boys!" Melanie sniggered and pulled at his leash. "Let's go down to the "gym," Mr. Heller!" The girl jeered. "I'll give you some exercises to do." She jerked the chain and pulled Heller from his feet. "And you better hadn't disappoint me!" the blonde threatened. As the two departed the room, Nanny regarded Snell clinically. "Now, little boy, what am I going to do with you?" Snell was on the verge of tears. "Stop snivelling little worm, didn't you enjoy pleasuring your Nanny?" The man had to nod. "So wasn't that worth a little humiliation?" Of course it was, but Snell had to wonder just how much "humiliation" he could take. "Now take off those dirty panties," Nanny instructed. "You must learn to control yourself if you are to be any good to your Nanny!" She stared straight into his soul. "And you do want to be good for Nanny, don't you?" Of course he did. Nanny opened a drawer and pulled out a sheer "baby doll" nightie and a pair of pink plastic knickers. "Wear these. I don't want any more accidents tonight."

Snell struggled with the pants, they were at least two sizes too small. But once on he found that the smell and feel of the material very arousing. After he slipped the nightie over his head Nanny tied Snell's wrists together using Melanie's beige tights. Nanny sighed as she cupped the man's balls under his feminine nightwear. "And I suppose I shall have to take you into my room to make sure you don't get up to any more mischief." Snell's tiny penis began to uncurl in its tight rubber prison. The hotel inspector slept little that night. He was allowed to undress Nanny and run her bath, but he found sharing her bed an exhausting experience as the voluptuous figure writhed naked on top of him, bruising and battering him even in her sleep. Even so, it was no surprise to find his plastic pants full of semen when he did awake. In the morning he gave Nanny breakfast in bed while she decided whether to give him his own clothes back.

In return for a promise to give the hotel a glowing recommendation, and an assurance that any further "inspections" by Snell would be paid for, he was given his things back by a now compliant looking Melanie. As Snell left the hotel his car was being driven up the drive by Heller. The older man moved painfully as he offered the car back to its owner. "Are you going back to the tourist bureau?" he asked. Snell nodded with his head hung low. The memory of the previous night's blowjob was still painful. Heller was more cheerful; anything he did to please his mistress Melanie was acceptable to him. "When you get back, give my regards to Mrs. Updyke, will you?"

The young man was startled; Mrs. Updyke was his boss. "Do you know her?" he asked. Heller smiled. "Of course, she was my boss when I worked for the bureau. It was Mrs. Updyke who made me inspect this place twenty years ago and I've been back here as often as possible since." Snell looked back at the hotel. His arms and chest were black and bruised from his night with Nanny. He could see Nanny through the window, adjusting her cleavage in the see-through blouse Snell had dressed her in just a few hours previously, ready to chastise another unwary customer. "Will we see you again?" Heller asked and Snell remembered the terror he felt with Nanny's huge bulk suffocating him and Melanie abusing him at the same, time. "As soon as possible." he smiled.

Mistress Persephone

exclusive interview

In every issue of SECRET we try to interview a personality who has lived her life in and for the fetish scene. Persephone is this personality, she's a fetish star.

Secret: So, Persephone, I guess a lot of my readers would like to know, where do you come from and what is you life story?
I was born in Santa Ana, CA and moved to Irvine, CA when I was 3 years old. I have two brothers and one sister. Irvine was a new city built on orange groves, which meant housing was affordable and my parents both got jobs at Irvine Valencia Oranges. My father delivered oranges from the groves to the factory and from the factory to the buyer. My mother worked as an orange grader picking out the bad ones after they made their way through the hot wax belt.

My parents were both born in Mexico but had lived in the US since the late 60s. We were the only Mexican family in the neighbourhood for awhile so it wasn't very easy growing up working class in what soon became an upper middle-class white neighbourhood. I always had very pale skin and naturally red hair like my mother who was of Spanish and French descent (though born in Jalisco, Mexico), but I was still teased endlessly for being of Latin descent.

I grew up "different" right from the start. I spent each summer with my family in Mexico to visit my grandmother who lived between her haunted chicken ranch in Atoyac, and her home in Guadalajara near Catedral. I was intrigued with a glass coffin there which held a little girl's corpse covered in wax who was said to have become a saint after her father strangled her to death for refusing to stop believing in christ, and was always asking my mother to take me there. She thought it was because I had a deep love for god but I was in fact obsessed with trying to see her mummified cadaver through the wax she was coated in to see if she at all resembled the cardboard-like mummies I had seen on a trip to Guanajuato. I never did.

My life was filled with the macabre shadows of Roman Catholicism from birth, which is why I now have such a deep lust for blasphemy.I worshipped Elvira as an icon and had a mad crush on the great Christopher Lee. I was three years old when I got into horror films and totally intrigued by my grandfather's grave which I had only seen in a photograph because my mother refused to give me permission to visit his gravesite because she felt it was not a proper place for little girls.

When I discovered new wave and punk rock music I was still in grade school and my appearance gradually began to reflect just how different I really was from the other kids both inside and out.

Everyone around me was either a surfer, a jock, a rich preppy or a "stoner" as they called anyone who was different and didn't fit in. They were very hard years for me, but I believe they toughened me up and gave me the strong character I have today.

I went through a major teenage rebellion and defied my parents, raised hell and got into lots of trouble but by the time I got out of high school I outgrew defiance and started to focus my energies on how to succeed outside of the so-called "system".

I had worked retail and 9-5 day jobs but I hated all of them and needed to be creative or die trying. I worked as a phone sex operator for almost a year, I was an exotic dancer, a clerk at two different adult boutiques and it was at one of them, Fantasy Lingerie, where I got my opportunity to start modelling in the world of fetish. I ended up in the Centurian Spartacus Bondage Catalogue and from there started doing videos for Versatile Fashions and

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things just sort took off on their own after that.

I became a pro domme once I felt I had learned enough hands-on from attending play parties and observing/ participating in BDSM scenes to go out on my own. I was never trained as a submissive. I believe I was always a fetishist as far as costuming is concerned, but my own mental, sensual and physical perversities had finally found a world where they could not only surface, but be nurtured and honed to perfection in an environment where they were extremely welcomed.

Secret: I have seen several pictures of you in different magazines, sometimes as a Mistress, sometimes a submissive. What are you really? Dom or sub?
An interesting question but it is difficult to answer. I am a professional dominatrix who never does pro sub sessions.

I am a bondage and play piercing enthusiast who enjoys being bound and restrained because it is physically challenging and mentally exciting. Needle play is very thrilling for me for those same reasons. The more needles the better, the tighter the binds the better. Wax is fun too.

I do not do submissive sessions where I am verbally assaulted, humiliated nor do I enjoy being flogged, spanked, tortured or any kind of sub role-play where I am the bottom. When I have done this in shoots, I have not been happy with the results nor did I derive any pleasure from it at all hence the small availability of titles with this content. I prefer to do shoots where I am enjoying myself because I think it shows on my face when I don't. I really like to be in bondage for it's own sake without any role-play and feel the snugness of the binds. The rigger really has only one purpose; to get me bound and that's it. Once tied it is all about me and no one else exists.

Secret: In most of the pictures I have seen you are wearing extreme heels. I've also heared you are a shoe fetishist?

I have an intense shoe fetish that has become an obsession. I now have to divide my collection between my two homes just to fit them all and I cannot stop buying them nor do I intend to. I love super high heels above 6" the best, but I also have many vintage and designer heels that are lower. If a shoe is stunningly beautiful enough, I will forgive a lower heel and embrace it into my shoe room regardless of its little handicap. I am an equal opportunity shoe whore.

My favourite designer heels are my red ruby-encrusted Salvatore Ferragamo pumps and my peach velvet Manolo Blahnik court heels with rhinestone covered shoe buckles and ankle straps.

My best fetish heels are from La Fuensanta in Spain and are custom-made tan snakeskin pumps with an 11" spike heel and 6" platform. I will never be satisfied, however, and will always try to outdo myself and have the better heel made. Don't get me started on my enormous boot collection because that is a whole other can of worms! It is harder for me to think of a boot I don't have than to list the ones I do. Frederick's, Magic Shoe and Little Shoe Box really need to think up some new styles because I already have them all and I can't walk to them anymore!

I have styles in latex, leather, patent leather, suede, Chinese silk, suede, vinyl in all heels hights and shaft lengths including these really funky Vivienne Westwood thigh-highs made of black glittered leather with a scalloped cuff lined in red leather which resembles fire when I turn the top down. They have a Louis heel and patent spectator baby doll toes.

I recently got a pair of green leather knee-hi Prada boots with leaf and insect appliqués that are completely bizarre and amazing. They have low 3" heels but my goodness they are something! I am really happy with how fetish footwear is popular in the couture designs right now because it makes it easy for me to find sexy and exotic footwear everywhere and heel slaves who might be too shy to shop for me at a fetish store can do so at an upscale boutique! Right now I covet the Sergio Rossi heels with the jewelled toe ring. Any takers?

Secret: You are also a regular visitor of Goth clubs. What do you find attractive in this world?

I am actually a regular visitor to dumpy punk bars more than Goth clubs - though I do go to them as well. I would consider myself more of a horror enthusiast and gorehound more than a Goth. I love music and like to be around people with dark sensibilities and free spirits but I have always had an aversion to being typecast as anything. I have never labelled myself as "Goth" and though I love wearing what people like to call gothic clothing and listen to the records often, I have many, many, interests both in music and fashion that do not fit any one mould or scene. I have used my website to express that.

Secret: What is your favourite clothing, besides shoes?
Corsets, catsuits, gloves, girdles, full-fashioned stockings with deco trim and custom latex and leather ANYTHING. I

am obsessed by fur as well and vintage hats, preferably with veils.

Secret: The MISFITS group.... does that ring a bell? Yes, I've done my homework... what can you tell me a bout them?
I can tell you that up until they released **"Famous Monsters"** they were my all-time favourite band and that they shaped and moulded much of my personality and interests as a kid. Though I still constantly play their old records, I don't follow them any longer because I know things about their personal business that I will not discuss publicly that have just given me the impression that it is best to love them as they were when they were truly great.

Secret: After all these years in the fetish scene, what is your most favourite memory and the worst? To answer this extensively would be to dredge the lake and there are too many bloated corpses in there as it is, so let's just say the best moment was finally doing this interview (wow!!!) and the worst was the death of Eric Stanton **whom I loved dearly.**

Secret: You have a spider tattoo on your belly. What can you tell me about that? (I love spiders since I was a kid...)

The black widow has always been a symbol of feminine power and strength so it seemed fit to be a part of my canvas. I chose the belly because it is the energy center of the female and also a very painful area of the body to have inked, especially inside the navel where I had to insist to the artist that he tattoo me there because he seemed to think I wouldn't be able to handle it. The tattoo had to be done twice because the first tattooer wasn't very good so about 2 years later I went down to Newport Tattoo in Newport Bch., CA and had it redone.
It was a pain ritual for me that gave me the disciplinary

satisfaction of knowing I could take enormous amounts of focused pain in order to one day dish it out and maintain a balance.

©Dave Naz

Secret: You also have a fanclub?
I have an online fan club at mistresspersephone.com that links to my own Tartarus website. I also have two clubs on Yahoo, the Mistress Persephone Pictures Club where I post photos that are not on my website for people to trade and share and after they are up for 2 months they go to the archive at the Mistress Persephone Fetish Forum. Both are free to all. You just have to register a name with yahoo.com and be logged in to enter.

Secret: What would be "your ultimate dream come true"? Your absolute fantasy?
To find a crew of submissive cobblers, milliners, furriers, costumers and corsetiers to make me whatever my heart desires as I demand it and to perform on a stage with an unlimited production budget.

Secret: What are your future plans?
So many. I am steadily doing a line of heavy corporal and CBT videos for syrenproductions.com Right now there are two different "Mistress Persephone" action figures being sculpted by Sandy Collora which will be available within the next 3 months or so. I am also going to be doing my own line of videos that will include both fetish and horror titles.

I have just been asked to be the hostess for Splatterpalooza, a horror convention which is very exciting for me because I am finally getting the same kind of recognition in the horror industry that I have earned and worked so hard for in the fetish industry.

I am also working on a CD of music I have produced for my performances and a video of them as well.

Mistress Persephone's Tartarus
(Official Website)
www.gothic.net/~framses/

Tribute To Mistress Persephone
(Fan Site)
www.mistresspersephone.com

Mistress Persephone Pictures Club
(Picture Trading Club)
http://clubs.yahoo.com/clubs/mistresspersephonepicturesclub

Mistress Persephone Fetish Forum
(Photo Archive Club)
http://clubs.yahoo.com/clubs/mistresspersephonefetishforum

Secret: Thank you very Mistress Persephone.

Tsubasa

Tsubasa

Tsubasa

One cannot absorb the magnificence of a Tsubasa piece with just one glance. The ultra-modern erotic portrayals immerse the viewer in a compelling journey of provocative metaphors. Both undeniably real and fantastic, the art ensnares the viewer's unconscious desire to interpret the imagery on their own accord.

For twelve years, Tsubasa has applied his skills to create award-winning designs for exhibition halls, conference centers, websites, corporate logos and permanent installations for museums. With a Bachelors of Architecture from the University of Houston, his designs make use of an inventive format, blending a plethora of stunning graphics and illustrations to then be sculpted and crafted within a 3-D application. Only on occasion will he use human models to add certain elements for assembling a composition.

Studio F was formed in 1996 and 3-D digital soon became an obvious means for Tsubasa's creative expression in the genre fetish erotica. Images of high heels evolved into anomalous fixtures, to torsos, to full bodies and suddenly gone were the conventional mechanisms of pencils, brushes and paints. In addition to several private sales of the large-format digital prints, his work has been featured in leading fetish-oriented publications.

For Tsubasa (a Japanese metaphor for freedom) diversity is a key element for his life and artistic expression. While he enjoys most aspects of erotic art and the fetish industry, Tsubasa chooses to live life that is enriched by his freedom to create and express his artistic visions.

For virtual tour or to contact Tsubasa please visit his website at www.kamekat.com/studof or e-mail him at tsubasa@kamekat.com or contact angela@shanelesproductions.net or 404-681-3111

Tsubasa

Mistress Persephone
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(Photo Archive Club)
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mistresspersephonefetishforum

Bondage

"On the Safe Edge" by Trevor Jacques

Position

Position is the most important factor in any form of bondage, be it vertical or horizontal, sitting or standing, suspended or free-standing, arms and legs bent or straight, arms and legs close to the body or outstretched, etc.. Each position or combination of positions has its own set of problems. The main thing to bear in mind is the pull of gravity and/or any other tension or pressure and the way that they work on the body, be it at the attachment point or on the body as a whole. For example, a pulling of the arms across another part of the body may cause a pressure point that might impede circulation to a part of the body; the pulling force produced a pushing effect.

If you are using any form of restraints, particularly hard ones like metal, be sure that the restraint does not restrict circulation, pinch nerves, or push hard against bones that are near the surface of the skin. All of these things can cause a scene to stop, and are potentially dangerous.

If a Bottom has been restrained in a manner that he/she cannot balance, you should ensure that the first restraints used are to something solid enough to stop the Bottom falling. That way, if he/she loses balance, there will be no fall and no broken bones. For instance, falling with arms handcuffed behind your back could make for a very nasty fall, since you will have very little way to break your fall.

For people with migraines, muscular disorders, or those who are pregnant, you may need to use less rigid bondage. For those with a seizure disorder, **bondage may not be appropriate at all.** For all of these cases, lighter bondage, and perhaps even different materials would be appropriate, e.g., something softer. The bindings could also be applied to different places on the body. An impaired leg should be treated accordingly.

When used in the area of the head and neck, the toys can cause psychological problems that are more pronounced than in the case of simply restraining the body. The physical problems when restraining the head and neck range from bruising of the Adam's apple and strangulation, to choking caused by gags. The psychological problems could stem from the Bottom simply feeling that breathing is difficult, even though the airway is completely unobstructed. This and other effects can cause panic in people who are not used to head bondage. Headaches can be caused by pressure from hoods, gags, blindfolds, etc. that have been put on too tightly. Excess pressure to the eyes can cause not only pain to the eyes, but also cause a sensation of flashes in front of them.

Be ready before you play for events such as the Bottom panicking. The equipment used should be such that a quick release is possible. If the Bottom is cursing and swearing, you should try to calm him/her down first (only if there is no sign that to remain in the restraints would cause harm). Do this because anyone in 'fight or flight" panic will likely attack you and harm you and him/herself seriously when trying to escape, if not calmed down first. Generally, a few minutes of gentle reassurance are all that are needed to calm someone experiencing "fight or flight" panic.

The last basic consideration during bondage play, but by no means the least important, is an external emergency, such as fire, gas leak, break in, or even your mother-in-law walking through the front door. Not only could it be difficult to get the Bottom out of the restraint quickly, you may do damage while trying to do things in a hurry. **Never leave a restrained Bottom alone.** If the bondage is simple, such as a pairs of handcuffs with the Bottom sitting on the floor, the chances of problems are probably minimal; if the bondage is only a little more than this, not only are the chances of getting away from a fire greatly reduced, but, if the bondage or the Bottom changes position, the chances of suffocation or other damage could be enormous. Just because the house hasn't burned to the ground for the last hundred years doesn't mean that it won't during the five minutes you leave your Bottom to get a cup of coffee from the café next door.

As you learn and experiment with more advanced forms of bondage and the length of your bondage scenes, new considerations come to the fore. Muscles kept still for a long time tend to get sore and stiff.

Skin can be irritated by the direct application of glue from insulating or duct tape. As the scenes get longer, dehydration and heat exhaustion can become a real problem for Bottoms who have been "wrapped" or left in the sun. You should make sure that the Bottom gets liquid, wanted or not, after about half an hour and regularly thereafter. Also make sure that the bondage you apply is not too tight around the chest. It can cause the Bottom to suffocate.

Butt plugs or catheters can be used during bondage play, but, just as for any other time they are used, there is a risk of infection or internal damage. They should be checked periodically during the scene.

Finally, the strain of harsh or long term bondage can cause the Bottom great mental stress and may cause panic. You must be prepared to deal with this, to relieve and reassure the Bottom.

Generally, the precautions that you'll need to take during bondage include making sure that the restraints are not too tight (particularly for metals restraints). Limbs should be monitored about every ten minutes or so for signs of circulation problems (cool, numb, or white extremities).

During your negotiation of a bondage scene, you will want to recognise psychological issues, such as the potential for severe panic in the Bottom. Some people cannot stand being motionless for a few hours. They constantly feel the need to move at least a little bit, so mummification should not be attempted with them. The brain also tends to play tricks on itself when it has had no input for a while. The Bottom may hallucinate due to the brain "getting bored" and creating its own stimuli. In these scenes, Bottoms may need to be reassured that there is still a line of communication with the Top.

Because bondage of any form is very scary for novices, both of you should go slowly and carefully. We recommend that a Bottom should not be tied up on the first date.

Autobondage

Try to use common sense when you tie yourself up. First, do simple, not too restrictive things, so that you get used to the feelings involved. As you progress, never be tempted to tie yourself up so that you can't get loose. This implies that it is safest not to lock hoods and gags, and to be sure that a key for other locks is within reach. An external emergency as mentioned above will be even more difficult to deal with when you are alone. Equally, never put any tension on your neck, because the potential for suffocation and damage to the nerves in the neck is far too great to make the risk worth your while.

Collars

Collars are generally fine when in place. Very high ones may cause breathing problems when the Bottom is in a position that might push the collar against the Adam's apple, or push a stiff collar up under the chin. Pressure from the collar on the side of the neck may cause problems with the carotid sinus, which would slow the heart and possibly cause a faint, if the top of the collar pressed against the side of the neck just under the earlobe and under the back of the jaw.

Collars should not be jerked from the rear, since this could choke the Bottom and put too much pressure on the Adam's apple. Pulling a collar too hard from the front may cause the neck to jerk, thereby damaging it.

Genital Bondage

The main concerns in the area of genital bondage are that the bondage should not be on for long periods. The cock and balls need blood as much as the rest of the body, and the veins are close to the surface here. About ten to fifteen minutes should be the most that the cock and balls are bound tightly. Most genital bondage problems can be seen rather than felt, so particular care and regular checking is needed if the genitals are covered.

If the binding is tighter than a comfortable cockring, it should be taken off before the Bottom cums. The pressure generated at ejaculation may be enough to damage the tubes through which the ejaculate passes.

It is easy to cause abrasions to the cock and balls during a scene. These could cause a loss of pleasure and inhibit any more play for quite a while, so take care not to open the skin of the genitals.

Confinement of the genitals is another area of bondage, viz. the chastity belt. In these circumstances, circulation is an important safety factor. Cautious experimentation will ensure that the genitals are kept intact. Those who use butt plugs with chastity belts should make sure that the Bottom is able to move well, if taken out to a bar or sent to work. If the chastity belt is likely to be worn for more than about five hours, care should be taken to ensure that the Bottom has a way to go to the bathroom (usually a messy endeavour for anyone wearing a chastity belt). Any butt plug or dildo that is not reserved specifically for the person it is used on should have a condom on it before use.

Handcuffs, Shackles, & Other Metal Bondage

Metal restraints are very unforgiving, so great care has to be taken when they are used. They should always be loose. It is preferable to have them put on over at least one layer of clothing, if the Bottom is likely to be moving around. This is because shackles, etc. are heavy and tend to put their weight on a very small area, rather than distributing the pressure.

Anyone who falls while wearing metal restraints is liable to hurt him/herself. For instance, if you have put someone in handcuffs with the arms behind the back, not only are they less able to balance themselves, but they will probably fall awkwardly. It is very likely that the metal will jar badly against the wrists, potentially causing a lot of bruising and

damage to the nerves. An awkward fall could also cause broken bones. When the limbs are restrained in an abnormal position, be careful of how you lay the Bottom down, so as not to cause circulation or pinched nerve problems.

Handcuffs are just as prone to putting pressure on a small area, so you should use only the cuffs that can be set once they have been put on. The setting mechanism should be one that requires you to push a little button into the cuff itself, using a key. These keys are of a standard size, so if you need to ask a policeman to get you out of them, you can. Handcuffs with a little lever to set them are too dangerous to play with because the Bottom could accidentally move the lever and tighten the cuffs too much.

For handcuffs and other locking devices, make sure that you know where the key is immediately before you start the scene, so you can unlock things in a hurry. A good idea is a second key nearby.

Cold metal against the skin can sometimes cause a dull ache that may grow to sufficient proportions to have the scene stopped, because all the Bottom can think about is that ache, rather than the scene. Once the ache has started, it will take quite a long time for it to subside, even if the area is warmed. So, if you're the Bottom, make sure that the Top is made aware of this before it becomes a problem.

In restraint scenes, you should be aware of the needs of the Bottom, even if you are the Bottom. If you feel a cramp coming, tell the Top, so that something can be done, before it happens. This way there will just be a slight hiccough in the scene, rather than ending it and cutting the Bottom from the bondage to relieve a cramp or whatever. It's surprising how these little things can grow into show stoppers.

We've met people who have used electric cord and chicken wire for bondage. Fat, round electric cord used in the same way as rope is probably safe, but thin, two-strand lighting variety is too thin; it will likely cause circulation problems, and may cause bruising. Chicken wire is also much too thin and unforgiving to use as bondage.

Hoods, Gags, Blindfolds, & Gasmasks

The head is the centre of all the senses. All stimuli ultimately reach the brain and are interpreted there, so it represents the "self" for us. Any bondage of the head can easily be interpreted by the Bottom as a bondage of the "self." For this reason, head bondage can be very powerful and threatening. It often leads to panic in novices.

In general, hoods and gags are reasonably safe to use. Tightness around the neck and adequate air supply should be of prime concern. Do not leave someone hooded and unattended.

When gagging someone, a sock or handkerchief is the most dangerous thing you can put in the mouth. Due to its size, it could reach the back of the throat and trigger the gag reflex in the Bottom. As the vomit rises, it will meet the gag, a complete barrier to its exit. The result is that the Bottom could suffocate on his own vomit. Not a very pleasant thought. If you do use a sock or handkerchief, put it under the tap before putting in the Bottom's mouth so that the mouth does not dry out quickly and trigger the gag reflex, and don't force it all the way in, if it doesn't fit easily.

The mouth is rarely open very wide for long. When it is, say at the dentist, it can be very painful as the muscles try to adjust. When you use a large gag that causes the mouth to open wide, remember that the Bottom will have the same kind of problems as a visit to the dentist may cause. Also, if a gag is pulled tightly into place from the back, it may damage the corners of the mouth.

A less obvious safety factor is that the face soon begins to swell under a hood. A nose opening large enough when the hood is first put on may soon become partially or completely obstructed as the cheeks swell. This can lead to serious discomfort for the wearer, if not a very dangerous lack of air. Also, what may at first be bearable for the wearer may cause panic as other factors such as any restriction of movement or intensity of play change.

If you use a blindfold or hood, remember to check for contact lenses. Likewise, if you use a gag or hood, check for false teeth or capped teeth. Pressure from these forms of bondage can cause the contact lenses to dig into the eye, or break the caps or false teeth.

Here is a quick checklist of safety considerations for hoods and gags:

1. Breathing holes might become obstructed when the hood shifts during play, particularly if the Bottom is anchored in a way that allows the hood to move easily.

2. Mouth/eye zippers are popular with people who like a variety of opportunities. Facial hair can be a problem with zippers, so they should be opened and closed with care, and have some kind of backing, where possible. Pressure upon an opened or closed zipper can be painful and damage the skin.

4. Hoods and drugs (including alcohol) do not mix.

5. Poppers used with hoods can have unexpected results. Due to the restricted breathing in hoods the fumes can linger for a long time and the effective "dose" can be more powerful than expected.

6. A very tight hood can cause the wearer to bite the inside of the cheeks.

7. If the wearer of an eyeless hood is in darkness for too long, a state of disorientation may result. When the hood is removed, care should be taken because both the thought and movement of the wearer may not be predictable.

8. Under the same circumstances, light can be painful on eyes that have been in darkness for a while. Also, the wearer's sense of balance may not be good for a few minutes after the hood is removed.

9. Never use a hood to suspend body weight. The effect on the neck and spine can be disastrous. Also, the "D" rings on hoods are rarely designed to take serious strain.

10. Gags under hoods that have no mouth holes are not recommended. In an emergency, the whole hood will have to be removed (and laces can get knotted during the rush to remove the hood).

11. If one hood is used to cover another hood or a gag, the first hood or gag should always have a hole for breathing.

12. Be prepared to release your Bottom if claustrophobia occurs, and before any resultant panic sets in.

Finally, as a general note, more than for other forms of bondage, it is very important to have a pair of ambulance scissors close by you as the scene progresses, so that laces (or, in an emergency, the hood or gag itself) can be removed rapidly.

Leather

Most of the safety considerations that apply to rope bondage apply to leather. Toys range from simple thongs to full bondage suits. One extra concern is that some hard leathers, such as latigo, may have very strong edges that may cut or cause extra pressure on the Bottom's skin. Pressure points caused by leather suspension harnesses occur not only under the pelvis but the weight of the Bottom will cause the harness to squash into the Bottom's torso from the sides. If there are any small objects like D-rings or snaps between the harness and the skin, they could cause enough pain to stop the scene (usually when you least want it to).

Mummification

Considerations here usually relate to the pressure of the bondage on the Bottom, dehydration, muscle cramps, and communication with the Top. Simple body bandages (gauze tubes that cover the whole body) can be cheaply bought at your local medical supply store and can be very effective. They are not very likely to cause great dehydration or muscle cramps, nor are they too threatening to a novice They do, however, define the contours of the Bottom very well, which can be very erotic for the Top.

Sleep sacks and mummification with tape or plastic wrap should be tried as you get more experienced. If you want to apply duct or insulating tape, make sure that the Bottom has been completely wrapped in plastic film like Saran Wrap beforehand. Otherwise, the hair of the Bottom's body may make removal of the tape very painful. The Bottom may also have an adverse reaction to the glue of the tape, and if the mummification is tight, cramps and dehydration may be the most pressing issues.

Another form of mummification is to use the plaster bandage that is used to make leg casts. This should only be attempted by experienced players who have all the right tools with them. It takes a long time to do and costs a lot. As the bandage is applied (little by little), it heats up as it cures. This leads to the Bottom sweating and losing water, so the Top should be very aware of the state of the Bottom at all times during the application of this form of mummification. A proper pair of cast removal shears is the best way to ensure that the Bottom is not cut as the cast is removed.

The following is a quick checklist of considerations to take into account if you mummify someone:

1. A flat position is better for long periods of mummification, because standing for long periods can cause the Bottom to faint due to circulation problems. It

could be life threatening, if not detected immediately.

2. Always ensure that the bindings around the chest permit sufficient lung expansion for unimpaired breathing. Avoid putting any pressure on the windpipe and the Adam's apple at the front of the neck.

3. If using adhesive tape (e.g. duct or insulating tape), do not apply it directly to the skin. It may not only rip off hair when it is removed, but skin may come off with it, too. The Bottom's skin may also react badly to the glue in the tape.

4. After wrapping the upper part of the body (which is usually done first), make sure that the Bottom does not fall, since he/she will not be able to break any fall when restrained, and be seriously injured as a result of the fall. Always have an assistant to hold the Bottom, or secure the Bottom to a fixed object. Alternatively, wrap the lower limbs when the Bottom is lying flat.

5. If using "non-breathing" materials such as duct tape or Saran Wrap, be careful of the room temperature. If it is too hot, the Bottom will sweat profusely, but, since evaporation cannot occur, the Bottom may dangerously overheat (in a prolonged scene of a few hours). This is also a good reason not to mummify someone in direct sunlight or on a very hot day.

Similarly, an overly cool room may cause the Bottom great discomfort, especially if the Bottom has been sweating.

6. If a mummification scene lasts several hours, mild dehydration may occur. The Bottom should be required to drink fluids under these circumstances. Fluids can be given with a straw from a glass of water, for example. For long scenes, provision should also be made for the Bottom to urinate.

Rope

As you start playing with rope bondage, you will only need about 6 to 8 feet of rope. Silk scarves, neckties, nylon stockings, bathrobe belts, or regular belts may do just as well, so most of what follows applies to them as well. One of the main advantages of these forms of restraint is that you won't have to decide whether you should hide them from visitors. We wouldn't use our best ties or scarves, if the Bottom is likely to struggle. They could get tom or stretched. There is one other thing you will need before you start experimenting with ropes: a good pair of ambulance scissors. You could also use a sharp knife with a blade that will not harm the Bottom as it is used. These may be required to get the Bottom out of the bondage fast, and they are cheap safety insurance.

As for most types of bondage, position during rope bondage is the most important consideration, e.g. falling when tied can be very hazardous. Certain limb positions can be difficult for some people but not for others, e.g. tying- both elbows together behind the Bottom's back for a long time is difficult for most people. Try gentle positions at first, until you are sure that the Bottom can stay tied up that way.

Rope bondage around the joints can cause circulation problems, so pay very careful attention to it during the scene. Ideally, your rope bondage should be on naked skin or skin that is only covered with sheer material. This will allow you to keep an eye on the limbs. The first signs that your bondage is too tight is that the limbs will go cold, clammy, and white. After that they will go red and puffy, and still later they will turn bluish purple. Beyond this point, blood poisoning and limb death may occur.

This article was taken from the "On the safe edge" a manual for SM play, written by Trevor Jacques. You can order your copy at: WholeSM Publishing Corporation, P.O.Box 75075-329, 20 Bloor Street, Toronto, Ontario, M4W 3T3, Canada.

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Pictures that kill

Charles Gatewood

Charles Gatewood's photographic exhibitions are often accompanied by explicit warnings. A flyer for a 1993 show in Portland, Oregon announced, "THIS IS NOT AN EXHIBIT FOR THE FAINT OF HEART OR THOSE EASILY OFFENDED—IT SHOWS THE IMPACT OF THE OUTER LIMITS OF PHOTOGRAPHY."

"I like the idea of liberation through excess," said Gatewood in the film 'Dances Sacred and Profane.' It relates directly to the idea of inversion ... It's what Jesus was talking about when he said, 'The meek shall inherit the earth,' what Dylan was talking about when he said, 'To live outside the law you must be honest,' and what Leary was talking about when he said, 'You have to go out of your head to use your mind.' Sometimes you have to go crazy in order to be sane."

Gatewood was educated at the University of Missouri as a cultural anthropologist. There he became friendly with fellow student George W.Gardner, who already as an undergraduate had published his photographs in Life magazine. In 1963, as Gardner showed Gatewood his fine art prints in a student coffeehouse, Gatewood experienced an epiphany.

"That moment changed my whole life. It was more stimulating than anything I learned in college."

Graduating with a BA in Anthropology and a minor in Art History, Gatewood went on to complete an additional year in the social sciences, but by then his interests had changed. "Academic life was boring," he says. "I wanted adventure, excitement."

Gatewood laughs as he remembers a defining childhood experience. "I was nine years old, crawling under the dressing rooms at the public swimming pool to pick up coins that had fallen through the cracks in the floor. Hearing voices, I looked up. Suddenly a woman screamed. As I quickly crawled out, I scraped my head and back.

I was frightened and bleeding, clutching a fistfull of coins. I knew I was doing something sneaky and forbidden and sexual. It all came together at that moment: money, sex, blood, filth, fear and quilt—and the intoxication of that mix." "I've always liked to look at forbidden things," says Gatewood. "In high school, I would peek at my parents' dirty magazines. In college, I lived across the street from a girls' dormitory. In those days the dorms had hours: girls had to be in at 10:30 on weeknights and 12:30 on weekends, so at a certain time of night there was this rush to get in, undress and go to bed. Every night there was a wonderful parade of naked bodies. I called Gardner and asked him to come over with a telephoto tens. We never did take the voyeur pictures, but George showed me more photographs and I knew I was hooked on photography."

Gardner's photographs appealed to Gatewood because of their similarity to anthropological fieldwork. They told stories, revealing complex relationships and vast bodies of information—all caught in split seconds. Gatewood had intuited that his career would merge his behavioral fascinations with art; now he had found his medium. His approach was simple: he bought a good 35mm camera (a Leica), and began photographing the dramatic changes of the 1960's. To this day, Gatewood remains unburdened by a desire for fancy equipment. It is the photographs that matter, he says, and besides, in the mystery lands he explores it's best to keep things simple and unobtrusive.

In 1964 Gatewood left Missouri and moved to Stockholm,

Sweden, to explore enlightened socialism and to escape the Viet Nam war. He studied sociology at the University of Stockholm while apprenticing with a group of documentary photographers, and later worked as a darkroom technician for a Swedish news organization. He found the Swedes progressive and tolerant, but longed for "good old American SOUL."

Gatewood returned to America in 1966, moving to a cheap apartment on New York's Lower East Side. Following a year as a studio assistant, he printed stationary and cards announcing CHARLES GATEWOOD FINE ART PHOTOGRAPHY and launched one of the most unusual careers in the history of the medium.

The Sixties were exploding, and New York was buzzing with tumultuous social upheaval. Gatewood quickly began making a living as a photojournalist, shooting rock musicians for Rolling Stone, social problems for Saturday Review and protests for the New York Times. "I've worked," he says," for everyone from Time and Business Week to sex magazines where I was paid in rolls of quarters. I've also sold literally thousands of photographs to textbook publishers. Of course, a tot of the stories I got called for tended to be weird. The New York Times used to phone me for anything involving sex or drugs, Times Square porno stories, junkies in Harlem anything that was dangerous or slightly bent. They called me the 'bent photographer."'

Gatewood was also philosophizing on the troubled times he observed. " I'd done a lot of thinking about America while I was living in Europe - the hippies versus the straights, and so on. So when I started taking pictures, I wanted to ask: Who was freaky? Who was crazy? Then one day I realized that all this American energy and craziness came together every year in New Orleans, in a great drunken street party called the Mardi Gras. So in 1970 I went to Mardi Gras for the first time. I've been back at least fifteen times."

Gatewood's Mardi Gras photographs joined other examples of bizarre American behavior in his first book, Sidetripping (1975), which included a poignant text by beat writer William S. Burroughs. "I kept wondering," says Gatewood, "what kinds of pictures Burroughs himself might take if he were a photographer. Burroughs was into dark satire, and so was I. And the whole beat movement was about becoming one with the action. I know my own work is flowing when I lose track of time and become one with my subjects.

I feel a click, and suddenly there's no time, no space, no deadline. Everything is flowing.
I go into a zone. I get high."

Following the publication of Sidetripping, Gatewood quickly became known as a "freak" photographer. Yet Gatewood, tired of in-your-face photography, pulled back from his bizarre subject matter. He instead worked to finish his photographic essay "Wall Street," and to convince himself and his wife Virginia- that he was not consumed by the increasing weirdness of his photographic fascinations. Soon, however, he was back in Mondo Bizarro territory, going even deeper into Manhattan's secret netherworlds.

In 1977 Gatewood's wife filed for divorce. "He often spent his days and evenings taking-and posing for—photographs of an unpublishable nature," said the divorce papers. Gatewood's heavy drinking and drug use were also cited as reasons for the split. Gatewood, devastated, sublet his New York loft and bought a house upstate, near Woodstock. In Woodstock Gatewood poured his personal pain mixed with frightening relevations of his dark side explorations into a new photography book, Forbidden Photographs. There, in words and pictures, he described his fascination with outlaw artists Spider Webb, Marco Vassi and Annie Sprinkle, and his nights at New York's infamous Hellfire Club:

A dingy S/M basement bar on Ninth Avenue. No sign; just the number.. 28. Spider is giving this costume party benefit to legalize tattooing in New York City. Everyone will be here. Center stage is a huge blowup of our latest collaboration: TATTOOED FETUS.
"Whadda ya think, Chaz? Shall we pass out blindfolds and play Pin the Tail On the Fetus?
Marco, dressed in a lavender jockstrap, cringes at the thought. "That's disgusting. I'm not going to have anything to do with this. I'm going to stay in the back rooms and eat shit all night. Perverts!"
"OK, " says Spider. "I thought that game might be a wee bit heavy. So I brought along this basket of tomatoes. We'll have a little theater along with the art show. "
Annie squats on the bar pissing all over some guy. Three others ravish some girl in the corner. A pregnant witch named Original Sin throws the first tomato at the fetus photograph. SPLAT! Someone offers me a hit of LSD: I

hear the Devil talking. SPLAT! I refuse, remembering the last time I mixed street acid with hard booze and made a complete fool of myself. No thanks.

I have been sober for weeks, but whiskey flows in my veins tonight. I wander through the crowd, flashing pictures. A hooded leatherman silently pantomimes smashing my camera if I take his picture. I move on. In a hallway near the back rooms and glory holes, a paunchy middle-aged man sniffs popper and jerks off, lost in his own private reverie. My flash explodes, the image is blinding. "

Inspired by their limit-pushing collaborations and their mutual interest in publishing, Gatewood, Sprinkle, Vassi, Woodstock writer Michael Perkins and New York City editor Mam'selle Victoire joined Spider Webb's newly created R. Mutt Press. The name was a tip of the hat to Marcel Duchamp, who had tweaked the nose of art world society by submitting a urinal signed R. Mutt at the 1917 exhibition of New York's Society of Independent Artists. Art, said Duchamp, could be ANYTHING.

Annie Sprinkle was a young porn starlet, photography student, and self-styled "post-porn modernist." Spider Webb was a flamboyant tattoo artist with an MFA degree, who invited Gatewood to take and edit photographs for his influential books X-1000 (1977), Pushing Ink.. The Fine Art of Tattooing (1979), and Tattooed Women (1982).

Marco Vassi was busy expanding pornographic writing into new realms of metaphysical concern. Michael Perkins was a brilliant poet, novelist and critic of erotic literature, and Mam'selle Victoire was the pseudonym of one of Manhattan's best (and wildest) erotic editors. Gatewood remembers the R. Mutt group energy as "awesome."

"We helped each other in so many ways. The talent and knowledge of the group was totally amazing. I consider my time with the R. Mutt gang my essential post-postgraduate education. And, except for Marco Vassi who died of AIDS in 1989 our relationships continue to produce amazing fruit."

"There was something special in the air," continues Gatewood. "William Burroughs once said that the artist can be like an antenna, receiving frequencies that other people aren't tuned into. That's what I've tried to do. For example, through my work with Spider Webb, I saw the whole Modern Primitive movement coming. I thought it was incredibly important and meaningful, but people laughed at me. I consider that work prophetic, because all of my subject matter public nudity, exhibitionism, heavy piercing, full body tattooing, S/M has entered mainstream culture in a big way, and I was there to document its beginnings."

The next book to appear under the R. Mutt Press imprint was Gatewood's Wall Street. With the help of two fellowships from the New York State Council on the Arts, Gatewood self-published Wall Street in 1984. "Wall Street showed the dark side of the financial district. I gave a copy to my brother-in-law, a Wall Street executive, for Christmas. He never spoke to me again."

Wall Street went on to win the coveted Leica Medal of Excellence for Outstanding Achievement in Humanistic Photojournalism. The dark, moody photographs were exhibited at New York's Stieglitz Gallery, to considerable acclaim. "Wall Street caused some fuss in the art world, sure," says Gatewood, "and if I'd stayed in that formal groove my work would have been more accepted. But instead I went even deeper into freak territory."

Freak territory! Gatewood's work was now frequently compared to that of photographer Diane Arbus, yet there were important differences. "Lots of Arbus' subjects," says Gatewood, "were deformed or mentally impaired. My subjects are choosing their lifestyle. If you want to call them freaks, they're freaks of choice, not freaks of nature."

One important "freak of choice" encountered by Gatewood at this time was Fakir Musafar. When Gatewood read about the self-styled "Modern Primitives" in Piercing Fans International Quarterly in the late seventies, he knew they were destined to meet. "In those days extreme body piercing was a very esoteric thing to do, very closeted. Fakir would travel from town to town, hosting piercing salons. We met at one of those salons at Annie Sprinkle's house in 1980."

"Fakir was leaving his body, doing pagan rituals, talking to the Great White Spirit while hanging from flesh hooks, doing time travel, and exploring past lives through all kinds of body play-sensory deprivation, cutting, branding, deep body piercing, using pain as a vehicle to higher consciousness. Fakir's body rituals are visceral, highly physical. His is not so much an abstract intellectual journey, but rather a series of intense physical experiences that lead him to new spiritual peaks."

Soon after their meeting, Musafar invited Gatewood, and filmmakers Mark and Dan Jury, to document his Sundance ritual in the Black Hills of Wyoming. The resulting film, "Dances Sacred and Profane," documents three years in Gatewood's life, beginning at New York's Hellfire Club, then following Gatewood to Chicago, New Orleans Mardi Gras, the Smithsonian archives in Washington D.C., a nudist camp in Indiana, a Gatewood lecture in San Francisco, and a photographic workshop in Maine. Fakir's Sundance ritual provided the climax to the thought-provoking film, which gave many their first taste of the emerging Modern Primitives movement. Gatewood's enthusiasm for "liberation through excess" was never so clear as in the film. "I've been with a man who leaves his body and talks to God," he told one audience. "Think about that. I certainty have."

White working on "Dances Sacred and Profane" in San Francisco, Gatewood introduced Fakir Musafar to V. Vale and Andrea Juno, publishers of Re/Search Editions, a small but influential publishing house that chronicled essential subcultural happenings. Vale and Juno immediately realized the importance of the ideas Gatewood and Musafar were presenting, and, after gathering photographs from Gatewood and others, and conducting many indepth interviews with other body-modification enthusiasts, they published the seminal Modem Primitives issue in 1989. The book quickly became the Bible of a new youth movement, sparking a new wave of artistic tattooing, piercing, scarification, and radical body play that continues worldwide. To date over 80,000 copies of Modem Primitives have been sold. Assuming a widely shared readership, this means over a million people have spent time examing the same radical ideas that Fakir Musafar, the R. Mutt Press gang, and Gatewood were touting only a few years earlier.

Gatewood acknowledges that his role as documentarian and catalyst for the Modern Primitives may have been his most influential achievement to date. "Many people are instinctively looking at so-called primitive behaviors to answer modern questions. This has caused no end of alarm to the establishment. They take this behavior as threatening-which it is. Most of us feel alienated and brainwashed, sick of television culture. The Modern Primitive movement is about re-connecting. It's about taking control of our own lives and deciding for ourselves what's neat and what's important. It's about reclaiming our minds and bodies from Big Brother. The core idea is magical transformation."

"For years magazines like National Geographic have shown tattooed and pierced men, and naked women, and it's been considered OK because the subjects were black or brown or yellow and lived in far-away, primitive places. But now that the sons and daughters of National Geographic readers are getting tribal tattoos and genital piercings, all hell is breaking loose. I think it's great."

In 1987 Gatewood achieved his own personal transformation: he quit drinking and hard drugs, sold his Woodstock house and moved to San Francisco, to be closer to the movement he had helped create. There he continues his unique visual research, documenting underground scenes in photography and video (recent books include his own Primitives (1992), Charles Gatewood Photographs: The Body and Beyond (1993), and True Blood (1997). "For what I do, San Francisco is Mecca," he says. "Often my subjects call me and beg me to work with them. I feel absolutely and totally at home, doing what I love to do, photographing people who are pushing limits and breaking taboos."
Gatewood, of course, has broken a few taboos himself. One of his most infamous photographs is "Tattooed Fetus," which he did in collaboration with Spider Webb. "It was scary," Gatewood recalls. "Spider's hands were shaking. 'We're gonna burn in hell for this,' he said, 'but I want to show that art can be ANYTHING."' Duchamp would have been proud.

Gatewood says "Tattooed Fetus" created more controversy than any other picture he's ever taken. "The Village Voice ran the photograph to announce a show that Spider Webb and I were having, and people freaked out. The Voice received more angry letters and phone calls than at any time in their history. The art gallery got calls from the New York State Attorney General's office, and after some bomb threats, cancelled the show. It was a big deal."
Friends were just as susceptible to revulsion as adversaries. Following a San Francisco exhibition featuring the Gatewood work, a woman acquaintance called Gatewood to comment. "She really wanted to 'help' me see the evil of "Tattooed Fetus," but I refused her "help." "Look," I said. "You saw the explicit picture on the announcement. You knew the show included radical work. You came, you looked, you felt strong emotions. The work stimulated you. You thought about it for a long time—you went through a whole process. That's what radical art is all about. This work was meant to upset you, and maybe change some of your ideas. You shouldn't get upset that you got upset. That's part of the process."

"I'm an expressionist," says Gatewood. "I want my pictures to SCREAM. I want my pictures to punch the viewer in the nose. I want to make pictures that people will remember as long as they live." "I want to see how far I can take the expressive power of the black and white photograph. William Burroughs once said that if he could write a sentence exactly right, it could kill the person who read it. Not that I'm anxious to kill people. But I would like to be able to change a person's thinking in one split second, and have that picture stay with them forever."

Rosethorns

my lover tied me
until i bled
i missed him
and then i wept
across the room
he stood
mechanics inside me stirred
across the bed
miles away
i sighed
waiting for my blame
violence breaking
upon me
like feathers

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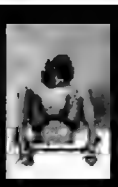
New books from SECRET soon to be printed

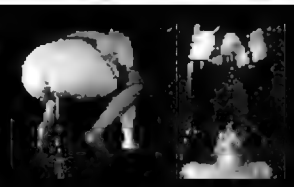
Black Factory - pictures by Sandra Jensen. A discovery by Secret and now finally her book. Lives in Oslo, was a model herself before turning to photography, does the styling, hair and sometimes the make-up. Builds the sets and even designs and makes the clothing. This is her first book, over 100 pages, with dazzling B/W pictures mingled with poetry. A must. Order it now, as it will be a limited 1000 edition. Price: 1400 BF/ 70DM/ 35Us$ (*)

Del Valle Photographies

Del Valle Photographies: The world of Del Valle is filled with gorgeous girls who love to expose themselves and let themselves go, all of this in front of his lens. This 1000 limted, hardcover book will probably be sold out before it will hit the bookstores, so order your copy now, or regret it later. Available spring 2001 - Price: 1400 BF/ 70DM/ 35Us$ (*)

Chaussures - pictures by Delay Stefan: author of our issue 17 cover, he has now shot our new shoe and boots catalogue. Anounced as Stiletto, we changed the name into Femmes Fatales. For all lovers of excellent B/W pictures and high heel, this hardcover book/catalogue will be the pearl in your collection. All shoes are available in the Boutique Minuit store, or by mail and soon online. This is the best book I have ever made. Available spring 2001. Price: 600BF/30DM/ 15US$ (*)





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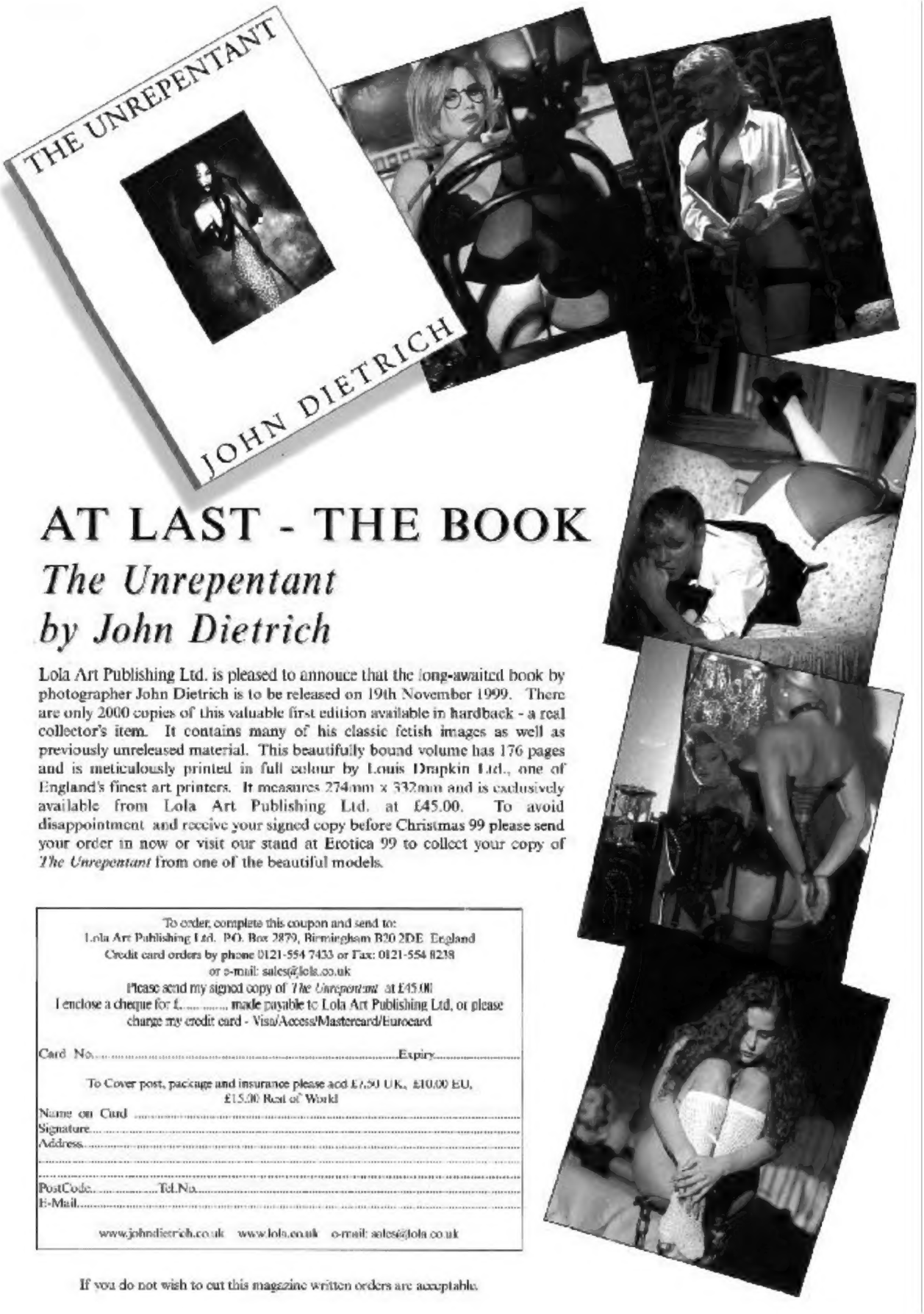

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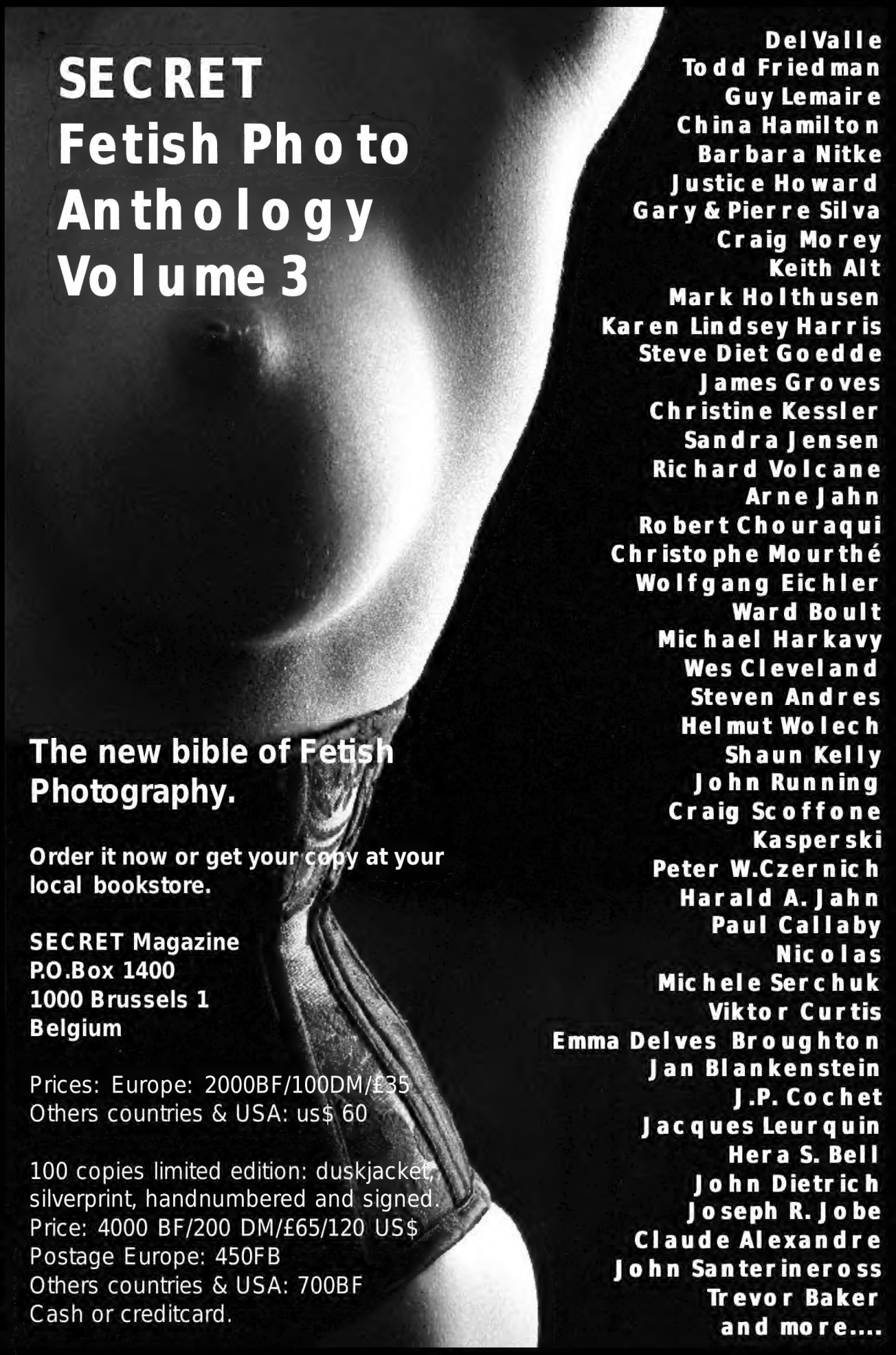

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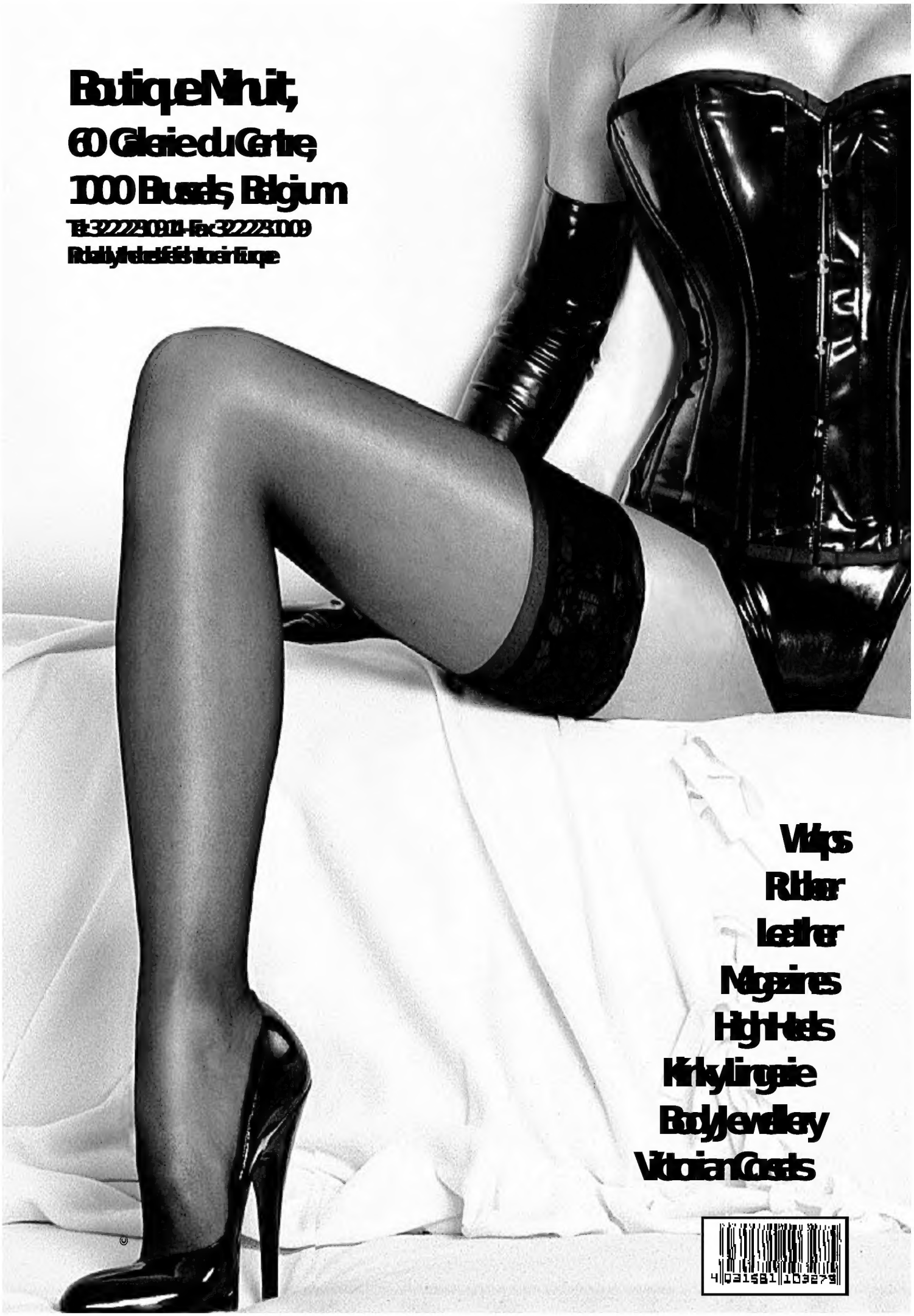
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